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COMMONWEAL

LIFE AFTER DEATH

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CORRESPONDENCE **Operation Rescue: right or wrong?**

READERS RESPOND

Going to the rescue

Ardasley-on-Hudson, N.Y.
To the Editors: I congratulate Charles R. DiSalvo ["What's Wrong with Operation Rescue?" December 1, 1989], on an original, provocative analysis of civil disobedience. For my money, he is too pessimistic about rational persuasion, but his thoughts on how to succeed in suffering for your cause were on the mark.

So how does one intercede for living human beings who, like the unborn, cannot even take up their own case? DiSalvo's suggestion that silence and more loving nonviolence be displayed strikes home to me. Noisy crusades are noxious.

The article also sparked an idea that only women, children, and babies should participate in the inner ring of protestors. Mothers with babes in arms could carry posters and banners with two themes, one, an antidespair motif listing sources of help and available local alternatives. The other posters could detail successive developmental embryonic pictures from NOVA's science program "The Miracle of Life," ending with the birth scene. Those who think the journey from zygote to neonate is no longer than neonate to adult can use pictures (preferably moving) to point out the continuity of life.

If one is going to have the courage to be arrested and suffer, the message should clearly be one of life, love, and hope for women and children.

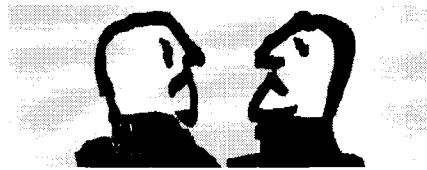
SIDNEY CALLAHAN

Wrong charges

Valparaiso, Ind.
To the Editors: Charles DiSalvo, in his article on Operation Rescue, seems to have fallen into the same error I did when I first wrote on abortion for *Commonweal*. In my article ["A Secular Case Against Abortion on Demand," November 12, 1971], I criticized anti-abortionists for relying exclusively on religious arguments against abor-

tion instead of using the many good secular ones. My criticism was uncalled-for because proliferers had all along been making primarily secular civil rights arguments. I had formed an erroneous opinion because I had relied on reports in the hostile pro-abortion press

Similarly, Professor DiSalvo seems to have been taken in by a false, media-gen-



erated image of rescuers as violent and arrogant. Pursuant to my teaching and research in the field of penal law, I have had myself on the mailing list of most rescue communities around the country and have seen a few rescues myself. The "rescue pledge" to "be peaceful, prayerful, and nonviolent in both word and deed" has been, to my knowledge, universally required of all participants by rescue organizers. The pledge also forbids all struggling with the police and all yelling. As far as I have seen, despite the passions of the moment, these promises are nearly always kept.

The charge of arrogance appears to me also misguided. The watchword of all the rescue literature is "repentance" for failing to try to save the millions of innocent lives lost during the first fifteen years after *Roe v. Wade*. Sincerely to acknowledge such a duty and such an omission leaves no credible basis in a rescuer's own mind for moral arrogance. Many rescuers have what police have called an astonishing capacity for suffering. The reason for this ability, in my opinion, is that many think they deserve whatever they get because they knew the truth for so long and did not stand with the least of their brethren. Would that I had such humility.

RICHARD STITH

The writer is professor of law at Valparaiso University.

Missing the point(s)

Johnson City, Tenn.
To the Editors: It is flattering to be mentioned (in "What's Wrong with Operation Rescue?") as one of the supposedly few prolife activists who really understand nonviolence; it is also terribly inaccurate.

Listing me on a par with Joan Andrews invites a distorted view of "who's who" in the prolife rescue movement. Joan Andrews is a woman of legendary courage and limitless commitment, the stuff that heroes and saints are made of; I am a comparatively small-time participant, publicist, and putzer.

More to the point, I came into the rescue movement as a learner—not a teacher—of nonviolence.

Charles DiSalvo says he has noticed harsh and accusatory words, avoidance of suffering, and general belly-aching among those who blockade abortion sites. It would be pointless to get all huffy and deny that any such less-than-noble behavior has ever been observed at anti-abortion interventions. But anyone who's been a participant, and not just a theoretician, knows that these

(Continued on page 120)

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The editors are always glad to consider any material for publication, but may we again remind readers that unsolicited manuscripts should be accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope. We regret that we cannot otherwise return such material.

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COMMONWEAL



Strategy time III

Despite expectations to the contrary, we found instruction in mailings received recently from NOW (the National Organization for Women) and NARAL (the National Abortion Rights Action League). One lesson we got from them is that Bishops Leo Maher and Austin Vaughan—in the news for their imprudent and intemperate attacks on two Catholic officeholders—have nothing on NOW's Molly Yard or NARAL's Kate Michelman when it comes to fanning the flames. "The U.S. Supreme Court," says NOW, "has declared war on the women of America!" A NARAL letter asks: "Who decides—you or them?" "You," it can be presumed, stands for a beleaguered female victim of "them"—sleazy male politicians. No doubt the people who write these things believe in the rightness of their cause, but the words they choose are calculated not to persuade but to stun, to rouse anger, to polarize.

A second lesson is that the priorities these and other groups are currently following have sadly diminished the scope and vision of the women's movement. It rose as a struggle for economic, social, and educational justice. Now, to the extent that the movement's goals are defined by such groups as NOW and NARAL, just one form of justice will do, one right is paramount: the right to abortion. Defending that right has become the program; that's where the money goes and the energy flows.

Of course, some of the premises underlying the appeal of the abortion rights movement are perfectly sound. Despite changes in law and attitudes, women as a group remain disadvantaged and vulnerable. By and large, women who become pregnant become automatically more vulnerable; particularly women who are poor and/or young, uneducated, alone. Such conditions represent a profound injustice. It is not an injustice imposed by nature, by women's reproductive role, by the structure of their bodies. It is sometimes an injustice an individual woman helps bring upon herself by her own actions. It is also, and in good part, a social wrong growing out of societal structures, our manners, morals, habits, and assumptions. There is no way for any of us to share the bodily burdens and risks of another person's pregnancy. All of us *could* share in dealing with its other consequences, not only personally but also politically: by working to change the rules of the game so that the arrival of even a problem pregnancy need not be the occasion for desperate measures.

But for NARAL (and, at least currently, for NOW), the way to go is precisely to make desperate measures ordinary and legitimate. They propose a solution that is, first of all, a quick fix that identifies not societal indifference or male selfishness as the problem but rather the fetus. Exit fetus, exit problem. This solution asks us to relieve injustice to women by bringing the lives of others far more vulnerable than the women themselves to a violent end. However the fetus is defined, each product of conception is a living being, as uniquely individual as it is wholly dependent. Abortion at any stage of pregnancy insures that one less human person will inhabit our world.

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There are serious people who will acknowledge these hard-to-deny realities and yet will defend the choice of abortion as a lesser evil in some circumstances, especially where social supports for a genuinely beleaguered woman are missing. There are still others, cognizant of what abortion is and what its acceptance means to the quality of our civilization, who nonetheless question whether it can be effectively regulated by law in the present climate of opinion.

That climate is in large part the creation of groups like NOW and NARAL. In the natural course of things, the more we know about life in the womb, the more seriously we view the act of abortion. These groups ask us to resist that knowledge, to trivialize abortion, to numb our consciences with rhetorical novocain. Having positioned themselves as the more or less official voices of the women's movement, they have brought a disciplined passion to the task of redefining what is at issue. The issue is not the nature of abortion, nor is it the societal compact that denies millions of women stable homes, adequate nurturance, decent education, opportunity, a sense of self, knowledge of and respect for their bodies. The issue is "choice."

And, increasingly, it's a one-way choice; the "or not," as in "whether or not to have an abortion," has disappeared into a black hole. Says NARAL: "We must...mount the most massive public mobilization ever undertaken in defense of choice—because even after *Webster*, the frightening truth is that the majority of American women still do not realize what they can do to make sure that the right to choose abortion is not taken away from them!" Real freedom of choice with respect to abortion would entail access to objective data about the human developmental process; nondirective counseling; financial assistance and other means of making alternative decisions possible. NOW and NARAL resist such measures in state legislatures. Depicting themselves as defenders of choice, they are in fact manipulators of choice and promoters of abortion.

Real freedom of choice can also be affected by deeper moral and cultural attitudes that, unexamined, tend to weight too many decisions in favor of abortion. Rights language permeates our legal system; notions of obligation and responsibility recede to the margins. Individualism reigns.

Prochoice groups exploit and inflate this reality. Thanks to their efforts, many Americans believe, seventeen years after *Roe v. Wade*, that the decision was all about individual choice and had nothing to say about life in the womb, or about the social dimension of the abortion decision. Read what it said: "Appellants...argue that the woman's right is absolute and that she is entitled to terminate her pregnancy at whatever time, in whatever way, and for whatever reason she alone chooses. With this we do not agree." Or: "The right of personal privacy includes the abortion decision, but...this right is not unqualified and must be considered against important state interest in regulation." Far from overturning *Roe*, moreover, *Webster* confirmed its trimester distinction and its position that the state could legitimately assert an interest in protecting fetuses who have reached the point of viability. For NOW, however, the Court puts itself at war with women when it speaks of a need to balance a woman's right to an abortion and a fetus's right to life.

The original women's movement was in part an angry, and justified, protest against patriarchal and chauvinist abuses, large and small. On its positive side it projected a vision of a more egalitarian society, one in which rights and responsibilities mutually reinforce and sustain one another. The insistence of NOW and NARAL and their allies on an unqualified right of abortion signals the loss of that vision, and something more. That insistence is on the brink of implanting another moral norm altogether. It goes as follows: The right to abortion will be and should be absolute because women are and always will be victims. Victims are exempt from the reciprocity that makes the interplay of rights and responsibilities possible. Victims need not abide by the rule that says I will treat others as I would wish to be treated. And victims, because they are protecting themselves, do not have to accept responsibility for hurting others. Victims need not be morally responsible. Victims are beyond the law. Is this what the women's movement is to become?

Strong words. And we have some more.

The Catholic church has taken a drubbing, some of it justified, over the abortion issue. *Humanae vitae*, and the fall-into-line response it evoked from the world's hierarchy, tore holes in the church's credibility on sex-related morality. The gender bias built into the church's command-and-control structure doesn't help. On abortion itself, the church has lost respect through the words and actions of a few bishops, the tactics used by some in Operation Rescue, a simplistic readiness on the part of some church leaders to endorse single-issue politics as an acceptable means of resisting the abortion tide.

But the more basic reason for Catholic-bashing these days has to do not with the maladroït use of dubious tactics but with something more basic: the bishops identify abortion as the taking of human life, and they say that it is wrong. They ask us, including the politicians among us, to examine the ingredients on the "choice" label and consider whether ingesting this stew is good for the moral health of the community.

For luminaries like Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., that is going beyond the pale. It's all right for the Catholic bishops to raise questions about the morality of our nuclear deterrence policy and about the workings of our capitalistic system. But when churchmen tell us (including the politicians among us) that abortion is wrong, they "seem to verify the fears long cherished by the No-Nothings [*sic*] of the 1850s, the Ku Klux Klan in the 1920s, and a succession of anti-Catholic demagogues that the Roman Catholic church would try to overrule the American democratic process." It's not altogether clear from Schlesinger's Op-Ed piece (*New York Times*, February 2) whether, if the bishops continue to question "abortion rights" as understood by NOW and NARAL, Schlesinger will conclude that maybe, after all, the Klan and the Know-Nothings and the other anti-Catholic demagogues were possibly partly right.

If that's the price of admission, the bishops are no doubt willing to pay it. So are we, as witness this comment and the two that preceded it (January 26, February 9). But we haven't given these many words to the topic to invite obloquy. This is a matter grave enough to invite continuing reflection and debate.

Ideally, in our view, this debate should be carried on not solely

or primarily by church leaders, particularly when they choose to speak “prophetically” rather than persuasively; or by advocacy groups bent solely on results. This is a matter for citizens, including the garden variety, but also legislators, governors, judges, and other officeholders; citizens not fearful of anathemas from any source, and—perhaps most importantly—willing to work toward a consensus favoring compromise, to settle for half a loaf rather than to insist on having their particular orthodoxy made into the law of the land. In a political atmosphere less poisoned by stridency, the thrust of the *Webster* decision, granting state legislatures some leeway to express societal interest in fetal life, might have encouraged that debate. But, with honorable exceptions (cf. Minnesota State Senator John E. Brandl’s letter to constituents, *Commonweal*, December 1, 1989), the challenge has been declined. Insofar as we can, we’d like to re-present it. Responses are invited.

COVENANT BROKEN?

The work must go on. That is a conviction to which every editorial writer and politician, every prelate and social worker, every runaway kid and desperate parent circumspectly nods. Now separated from Covenant House, the shelter for runaway and abused children he founded in New York in 1968, the Reverend Bruce Ritter is accused of taking sexual advantage of young men under his protection. Questions about the misuse of funds as well as the forgery of a baptismal certificate have also been raised. The Manhattan District Attorney’s office is investigating.

But Covenant House and its unquestionably good works—the nationwide organization spent \$87 million last year, three times what the federal government does, on sheltering needy adolescents—is not the story that has people shaking their heads. It’s not the story mulled over at home in front of the television news or the story on the minds of New York subway riders as they scan the front page of their papers. “FALL FROM GRACE,” were the taunting words of the *New York Post* headline writer the day after Ritter’s Franciscan superior asked him to take a leave of absence from Covenant House. Ritter’s familiar imploring face—with its heavy lidded, seemingly myopic gaze, as though he indeed has looked at an evil the rest of us only turn from—blanketed the page, his Roman collar as conspicuous as his troubles. “Father Ritter Gets the Boot,” read a smaller headline. “Bullets, Booze & Backseat Sex” promised the teaser for another story at the bottom of the page. Such is the company Bruce Ritter is forced to keep in the public imagination.

Ritter and those close to him steadfastly maintain his innocence. By conventional standards his accusers are men of dubious credibility, but they are among those persons whose humanity and dignity Ritter himself has done much to reveal to us. In a bitter irony, he stands accused, his life’s work made a shambles, precisely by those on whose behalf he has so patiently petitioned a mostly indifferent world.

Covenant House is perhaps bigger than one man, but it is

that one man’s story, his singular life and current torment, that reaches out from the headlines and TV reports. This individual life, once the focus of a million commonplace assumptions about virtue, is now seen as a shadowy labyrinth in which a great good and a great evil may compete. Will he be revealed as a pious fraud, another charlatan combating an evil to which he was secretly drawn? Such an affinity is not unusual in either the history of psychopathology or religion. That is not an excuse or apology for any man’s immoral behavior. If Ritter is guilty he, no less than anyone else, should face the penalties of both the civil and moral law. Still, what are we to think if such goodness has grown in the same soil with such manifest sin?

Ritter’s equally plausible innocence raises other, perhaps more disorienting, questions. If Ritter has been falsely accused, his continuing humiliation seems a wholly perverse fate.

This tangle of goodness and possible evil in Ritter’s life is what holds our fascination. Whatever Ritter’s possible hidden sins or crimes, he has been responsible for bringing grace and hope into the lives of the utterly forsaken. What is the real nature of that goodness? What is the source of that grace? Ritter’s ordeal returns us not only to the mystery of evil, but to the equally humbling, and sometimes equally grotesque mystery of goodness. If Ritter has fallen from “grace,” it reminds us of how perilous our condition is, how frail our own resources are. If he has not, we only can marvel at how much good one person can help to bring about.

TWIST & SPIN

Disinformation works. Or is it dissimulation? Whatever. The invasion of Panama proves it again. The U.S. invaded under the pretext that Panama had previously declared war on the U.S.; that U.S. civilian lives were generally threatened there; that the security of the Panama Canal was at stake; that General Manuel Noriega had to be brought to justice. Whether Noriega finds justice remains to be seen. But it is now clear that General Noriega had not declared war on the U.S.: in remarks to Panama’s National Assembly on December 15, 1989, he had described how Panamanians perceived their relation to the U.S. following the failed October coup attempt. The *casus belli*—the U.S. Marine shot and killed by Panamanian defense forces prior to the invasion—occurred after four U.S. servicemen had run a check point near the Panamanian military headquarters. And the continued operation of the canal was never in question. It was the U.S. invasion itself that shut down the canal for the second time in its history (the first time being in 1914 following a landslide).

Disinformation seems to work best when it puts the first spin on the facts. On January 4, for example, the White House announced that prior to General Noriega’s capture, the papal nuncio had given the general an ultimatum to leave the Vatican compound. The nuncio denied it the following day: “I told him [Noriega] up to the last minute: ‘You can stay here. We will never turn you out.’” But second-day denials or later reappraisals

often get buried. For the public, the result, at best, is confusion.

When it comes to Central American policy, U.S. officials feel little compunction about making assertions contrary to fact when distortions serve their perceived short-term interest. Thus Assistant Secretary of State Bernard Aronson told Congress last month that the investigation into the murder of the six Jesuits in San Salvador was being handled well by the Cristiani government. But in response to questions, he admitted that "The judicial system down there is not exactly a model of justice," and that Salvadorans "do not have a justice system worthy of the name." This in the course of urging continued assistance to the government that nominally controls the injustice system. In November, the U.S. embassy in San Salvador alarmed the world by announcing that the FMLN takeover of the Sheraton Hotel had created a "hostage situation." That characterization allowed President Bush to send U.S. commandos directly to San Salvador and to claim that the twelve green berets bottled up there had been "liberated" by the expedition. Another deception; the FMLN soldiers had stumbled accidentally on the U.S. soldiers, never held them hostage, and had abandoned their positions at the hotel before any "liberation" was necessary.

Just as disturbing as the twist given information is the manner in which our representatives have come to comport themselves. William Walker, the U.S. ambassador to El Salvador, recently lashed out at Archbishop Rivera y Damas of San Salvador for criticizing U.S. treatment of Lucia Barrera de Cerna, the witness to the Jesuits' murders, saying the archbishop didn't know what he was talking about. Nor is that far from Mr. Bush's own demeaning comments about General Noriega before his capture, or his remarks last fall about Nicaragua's Daniel Ortega as "a little man" and "an animal at a garden party."

With examples like these, is it any wonder that in Panama U.S. soldiers ransacked the Nicaraguan ambassador's house, blasted the Vatican compound with rock music to dislodge General Noriega, detained Cuban diplomats in their car, and sealed off the Peruvian embassy? It seems no one was aware, or worse, cared, that the 1961 Vienna Covenant guarantees the immunity of diplomatic personnel and property from arrest, seizure, and searches.

Disinformation and a cavalier attitude toward the norms of international decorum may seem to work in the short run. But respect for these norms and trustworthiness in their observance are the infrastructure on which international dealings must be based. There have been times, and they will come again, when we will need that foundation as much as anyone. Have we forgotten Teheran?

ET CETERA

NOTHING SACRED DEPT. The *New York Times* has decided to go with the flow: As of Saturday, February 4, "Rumania" became "Romania" in its good grey pages. A significant step forward. Diligent students of the cover of

Commonweal's previous issue [February 9] will have noted a more radical innovation. Describing an article by Janet Fleischman, we spelled Romania thus: P A N A M A.

REPORT FROM LOUISIANA

CLEAN SHEETS FOR THE KLAN DAVID DUKE'S RACE FOR THE SENATE

"I've got a past," Louisiana state Representative David Duke told me in a recent interview. The handsome, thirty-nine-year-old Republican does indeed. And a not-so-distant past. As Imperial Wizard of the Knights of the Ku Klux Klan from 1974-79, Duke revived the organization and presided over a boom in recruitment. His outreach strategy included advertising Klan meetings on television and hiring rock bands to replace scratchy recordings of "The Old Rugged Cross." "He brought the Klan out of the cow pasture and into the hotel meeting rooms," says I.A. Botnick, who as executive director of the Anti-Defamation League of New Orleans has followed Duke's career.

Duke's leadership in the Klan may be formally over, but in 1980 he founded (and currently heads) the National Association for the Advancement of White People, a gentrified version of the Klan. He maintains ongoing ties to such anti-Semitic groups as the Liberty Lobby, which he calls "a pro-American organization." After his election to the Louisiana House of Representatives in February 1989 from Metairie, a predominantly white suburb of New Orleans, he remarked that, "I think Zionism is a form of racism," and that accounts of the Holocaust are "exaggerated" or "misrepresented" to win support for Israel. The former Democrat gloated to an audience of white supremacists that during the campaign, "Our kind of people began coming out of the closet.... We're creating a movement for the preservation of our heritage.... We're talking about America led by the American majority." For most politicians, such a background and current activities would spell certain doom at the ballot box.

Yet the state Republican party has accepted the charismatic Duke, along with his blue-collar, George Wallace-Democrat constituency. Although the party last month endorsed state Senator Ben Bagert to challenge third-term Democratic incumbent J. Bennett Johnston in next October's open primary for the U.S. Senate, Duke has proclaimed his intention to run as an unendorsed Republican. According to *Newsweek* (December 25, 1989), he might draw enough votes to hold Johnson below 50 percent and force a runoff.

Duke characterizes the conservative Johnson as a "reckless" liberal, lumping him with Senator Edward Kennedy and Jesse Jackson. Duke styles himself as an activist for white civil rights, protesting "massive discrimination against white people." His

senatorial platform, outlined in a letter to voters, promises to eliminate...forced integration and busing," "stop the foreign buying of America," "stop molly-coddling criminals," and "end the love affair between our state department and Communists such as Marxist terrorists who attack our Christian ally—South Africa."

Immediately after last year's narrow election victory (Duke won by 224 votes out of 17,000 cast), Duke capitalized on his giant-killer image by leading the charge against Governor Buddy Roemer's tax reform initiative. Duke gained legitimacy and broadened his political base by opposing property taxes (85 percent of Louisiana homeowners pay none), and claimed credit when the tax overhaul was defeated by popular vote.

His momentum fizzled, however, when he showed himself more adept at speechmaking than at lawmaking. Of ten bills Duke introduced—all of which related to racial issues—only one passed, and that in such amended form as to be unrecognizable. One of his defeated bills would have added an extra year's sentence to those living in public housing convicted of a drug-related crime. In New Orleans, where public housing projects are virtually all-black ghettos, that was tantamount to a one-year sentence just for being black.

One of Duke's foremost legislative goals, and a key concept in his race for the Senate, is to "eliminate the welfare incentive for more and more illegitimate births" by depriving welfare recipients of additional benefits for illegitimate children. He has advocated cash bonuses for welfare recipients who voluntarily undergo tubal "litigations" [sic]. "I don't see any problems with vasectomies," he has said. "A lot of these people have multiple mates." In tandem with lowering the welfare birth rate, Duke wants to provide incentives for the "top 10 percent of college graduates to get extra breaks to have children. You might qualify by academic record, performance in the arts, business productivity, or through aptitude testing."

With the Senate race eight months off, Duke has begun to downplay his views on eugenics, emphasizing more mainstream issues, such as lowering taxes and abolishing minority set-asides. His campaign is off to a brisk start. Last month he completed a mail solicitation to all the state's 1.5 million registered voters. After collecting more than \$300,000, he is now mounting an aggressive telemarketing campaign. In his last race, Duke gathered 80 percent of his financial support from out of state. He hopes to gather a considerably larger campaign chest this time with his national appeals.

Duke's election last year benefited from a combination of circumstances favoring the radical right. Rammed by a recession resulting from falling oil prices, the state economy had sunk as low as sea level. With 12 percent unemployment, the highest in the nation, a middle-class, man-the-barricades paranoia gripped the suburbs. Duke's chances in his current race require that voters be vulnerable to the same appeals. But with oil prices now on the upswing, Louisiana is beginning to emerge from its five-year depression. Insofar as racial tensions were increased by competition for jobs and fear of hard times, the need for a scapegoat and savior may now be fading. Furthermore, to win the Senate race in a state where 26 percent

of the registered voters are black, Duke would have to carry 65 percent of the white vote, a seemingly impossible number. Yet, according to Ed Renwick, director of the Loyola Institute for Politics, Duke is "a person you should never underestimate."

Whatever the outcome of this fall's Senate race, David Duke is a force to be reckoned with. Even if he loses this time out, he will have gained considerable campaign funds and publicity for his cause. And that cause has not changed. As he told me recently, "David Duke has not changed his skin. I'm still saying the same things I've said for a long time."

CAROL STRICKLAND

Carol Strickland is a free-lance writer who specializes in Louisiana politics. Her articles have appeared in the New York Times, Wall Street Journal, and The Nation.

REPORT FROM PANAMA

'JUST CAUSE' EXAMINED A SOMEWHAT SOVEREIGN NATION

"My people had been praying," said the Protestant minister, a black of West Indian descent. When U.S. forces overthrew General Manuel Noriega and seemed to end the prolonged crisis, "they saw it as the answer to their prayer. Myself, I see it as a necessary evil." His words express the ambivalence of Panamanians toward the invasion. Unquestionably most people accepted or welcomed the arrival of U.S. troops. Those who opposed it do not deny that fact, but try carefully to explain it: "When you're saved from drowning, you don't ask who your rescuer is."

The few public challenges to the invasion were expressed in measured language: "We cannot approve the U.S. invasion of Panama" (The National Coordinating Body of Support and Solidarity, a network of groups doing grassroots work). "[The invasion was] not the most fitting way to resolve the crisis" (The Ecumenical Committee). Although the Panamanian Catholic bishops initially called the invasion a move backwards, they did not condemn it. The Confederation of Workers of Panama condemned the invasion, echoing the statement of their body's regional president in Mexico.

Panama's peculiar historical experience helps explain such reactions. The country owes its existence to President Theodore Roosevelt who in 1903 sent warships to provide protection for Panamanians who wanted independence from Colombia and were willing to give the U.S. a free hand in building a canal. Panamanians were not part of the crucial initial negotiations with the U.S., which were carried out by Philippe Bunau-Varilla, a French promoter of the canal. For decades after constructing the canal, the U.S. occupied a ten-mile swath of land that divided Panama City from the rest of the inhabited part of the country. Not surprisingly, the United States was a primary point of ref-

erence for many Panamanians: the U.S. was the largest employer outside the Panamanian government; U.S. troops sometimes entered the rest of the country to impose order; until mid-century the Canal Zone collected the city's garbage; much of the zone was occupied by the bases of the U.S. Southern Command.

Panamanian nationalism had to define itself against this presence, especially after the 1964 flag riots, when a group of Panamanian high school students, in accord with the treaties in force, tried to raise their flag in the Canal Zone. Their efforts were thwarted by angry Zonians and over twenty Panamanians were killed by U.S. snipers.

Nevertheless, for long periods the issues of the canal and the zone have remained dormant. In the early seventies General Omar Torrijos, Panama's populist leader, began to evoke latent Panamanian nationalism in order to raise the issue of the zone and the canal. The result was the 1978 Carter-Torrijos Treaty, which sought, in effect, to decolonize the U.S.-Panama relationship in phases. Most of the territory of the zone passed immediately into Panamanian administration and gradually the administration of the canal has been assumed by Panama (the chair of the Canal Commission passed to Panama this past January 1); before 2000 the treaty requires the United States to relinquish its military bases.

My visit to Panama began the day after General Noriega walked out of the nunciature and was arrested by U.S. authorities. Many signs of the invasion two weeks earlier were still visible. U.S. troops, their faces painted for combat, were to be seen in military vehicles or patrolling the streets in groups; many shops damaged in the looting remained closed; and the embassies of Cuba, Nicaragua, and Libya were surrounded. There were occasional sniper incidents; the airport was under heavy guard. Still, most businesses were reopening, newspapers were reappearing, and here and there the renamed Panamanian Public Force was undertaking minor police functions.

The seeming lack of concern about how many Panamanians had died was quite disturbing. From the newspapers one would hardly know anyone had been killed. There was far more zeal to count weapons and provide details of the Noriega regime's financial corruption. According to U.S. estimates, 314 Panamanian combatants and slightly more than 200 civilians were killed. The network of grassroots organizers cited 2,000 deaths, but had only hearsay evidence. Americas Watch believes the U.S. estimate is probably correct. A Lutheran minister told us he was still looking for his grandfather who had lived in Chorrillo. No doubt many others are left with such grief and frustration. Panamanians are trying to gather information and eye-witness accounts. However, even the official U.S. figures are far higher than the number of people Noriega had murdered for political reasons, which human rights agencies would count in the dozens. That contrast alone must raise questions about proportionate means even among those who do not object to the invasion in principle.

Some Panamanians spoke of the arbitrary actions of the troops. Nineteen people reportedly had been taken from Panama, presumably in connection with accusations against Noriega; I could not verify this. But by what right, some Panamanians asked,



could the United States abduct their fellow citizens? One couple reported to me that the troops had ransacked their apartment and taken away all their papers and diskettes. Their crime was probably having worked in Nicaragua. Their papers, including their water bills, will sit in cardboard boxes as U.S. intelligence agents pore through their new treasure trove of information on the Latin American left. I doubt that congressional hearings will show much concern for their human rights.

The economic and material costs are easier to quantify. One estimate of physical destruction was \$100 million, much of which was in Chorrillo, adjacent to the main headquarters of the Panamanian Defense Forces. The two-story wooden houses of Chorrillo were built in 1913-14 to shelter the workers who had built the canal, but had to leave the zone. The buildings were meant to be temporary, but most of them were still standing in the sixties and seventies, when I served as pastor of the neighboring church. Whole families occupied single rooms; one such building had 251 people in forty rooms with six toilets and showers in common patios.

Around midnight the night of the invasion, helicopters flew over the area advising people to leave; most did, perhaps during lulls in the shooting. Some fires broke out then, but much of the barrio was still standing at dawn, and burned down only later. We were told that these fires were deliberately set by the Dignity Battalions, the civilian militias formed under Noriega. In any case, I was not surprised to see that virtually all of the

wooden houses were destroyed, since on Christmas Eve, 1972, I witnessed a fire that within an hour destroyed fourteen houses and left almost 300 families homeless.

Of the estimated 13,000 people currently left homeless, some 4,000 are in the makeshift camp at Balboa Junior High School under U.S. military control. They are scheduled to be moved to a hangar at Albrook Air Base. The larger number of those displaced have found shelter with relatives or friends, or have perhaps built a shack on the city's outskirts.

In conversation with these homeless, I had the impression that they expect the United States to build permanent concrete apartment buildings in Chorrillo at rents they can afford. As far as I could tell, they were not mourning the loss of a community and a way of life, but are counting on returning to Chorrillo with decent housing. Perhaps their optimism is not entirely misplaced. One figure for rebuilding the area was \$35 million. An architect estimated that cheap apartments might cost \$10-12,000 per unit. If 4,000 are built, the cost would approach \$50 million. This is a small proportion of the Bush administration's proposed \$1 billion aid package. The new government is eager to begin work. Vice-President Guillermo Ford said *Chorrilleros* would be hired immediately to clean out the rubble. Rapid reconstruction of El Chorrillo would be a politically powerful symbol for the new government of President Guillermo Endara and for the United States.

It is an open question whether these homeless will have meaningful participation in plans for the new El Chorrillo. At the emergency camp, a U.S. officer praised the Panamanians' ability to get organized, but he described the function of their leaders as that of "interfacing" with U.S. and Panamanian government authorities and of informing the army of the people's needs (like

keeping toilet paper stocked). More recently, I heard that some U.S. AID officials were proposing a voucher plan that would enable those entitled to new housing to choose from a variety of designs. Physically rebuilding Panama will be easy in comparison to restoring its sovereignty and self-determination. I heard many expressions of frustration and chagrin. From someone on the left: "We're not starting from zero but from less than zero." From the banking community: "The reality of our country is always in doubt. The viability of Panama as a nation is much more in doubt than ever before."

Noriega's worst crime in the view of more than one person was to have wrapped himself in the banner of nationalism. After the United States began its efforts to topple him in earnest, there seemed to be only two alternatives: Noriega or the opposition Civic Crusade, which had U.S. backing. Faced with these options, at least some upright people chose the Noriega framework. Those unwilling to commit to either were left isolated. In that context to be a nationalist seemed equivalent to being a *Norieguista*.

A friend of mine remembered how impotent she felt as she saw her neighbor hang out a U.S. flag to welcome the invading troops and all she could do was hastily hang out a Panamanian flag. Another woman remarked that given all the damage Noriega had done, she thought he must still be a CIA agent.

Again, there is no doubt that many embraced the U.S. troops as liberators. Thoughtful Panamanians, however, are concerned about the consequences. As one labor leader put it, "We're still drunk, but the hangover is coming."

PHILLIP BERRYMAN

Phillip Berryman, a writer and translator, lived in Panama and Guatemala for twelve years. A revised version of his Inside Central America (Pantheon) will be published this fall.

OF SEVERAL MINDS John Garvey

WHEN CAESAR WINS

MAKING GOD A METAPHOR

A Jewish friend recently mentioned his irritation with the phrase "the Judeo-Christian tradition." I know that many Jews resent this term, and they have a profoundly important point. It assumes a common ground of interest and focus that is too broad to be very helpful, and ignores much of the ugly history of Jewish and Christian relations. The assumption that the Judeo-Christian tradition is somehow one thing, and that we know and can speak with some clarity about what that thing is,

is at the very least misleading.

However, there is a sense in which we can speak of a religious tradition that includes Judaism, Christianity, and Islam, and it is a tradition which differs not only in its history but in its central claim from all other religions. All three religions go back to Abraham and the rejection of idolatry—they have been called "Abrahamic" religions—but what seems to me much more significant is that all three are religions of revelation. The belief that God revealed divine truth to human beings is at their center.

There is a tendency among scholars of religion, including Christian scholars, to downplay the significance of this claim. One reason, I suspect, is that objectivity is expected of academicians, and fear of the opinion of colleagues is almost an academic obligation. It is a little embarrassing to have to say to a group of largely agnostic colleagues that while you respect other religious traditions, you believe that something really happened on Sinai, or that Jesus' Resurrection is more than a metaphor for the hope his memory offered his mourning followers. It is easier, in such company, to speak of religious traditions as sets of intriguing metaphors for the human attempt to deal with the unknowable.

They are that, of course. But either they are more than that, or a lot of very impressive people have wasted their lives by being more than merely interested in a topic worth writing papers about. The insights of the Baal-Shem, Rumi, St.

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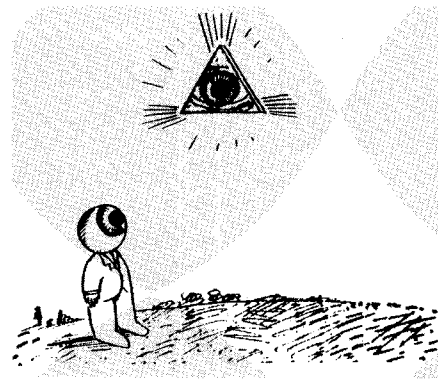
Seraphim of Sarov, and St. Francis—not to speak of Abraham, Moses, Jesus, and Mohammed—are about something more than the human search.

All believed that an unknowable God, for reasons of a compassion so profound we cannot imagine it, chose to be made known to us, and moved toward us. The initiative was God's, not ours. This is not a comfortable truth. (C.S. Lewis wrote somewhere that to speak of man's search for God is like speaking of the mouse's search for the cat.) A God who is not "beyond good and evil," a God who makes demands of us, is not as easy to live with as a more distant and vague divine principle toward which people move as they wish, if indeed they wish to move that way at all. It feels so much more reasonable to see the correspondences between the metaphors used by all great traditions—it fits in with the prevailing mood of a pluralistic society.

A God of revelation challenges the whole notion of toleration at certain basic levels. A belief in such a God implies that some people may be drastically wrong, and that the degree to which they are wrong could have eternal consequences for them. This in turn leads some people, no doubt acting out of the goodness of their hearts, to try to save the potentially lost through (if they are polite) initial, cautious attempts at conversation and, if interest is shown, persuasion in the form of more information, with no coercion attached; or (if they are as rude as most of them seem to be) making damn nuisances of themselves by implying that the real choice is between the belief pressed by the nuisance, or damnation—a choice which makes it clear to the nonbeliever that, if these folks are right, the universe is wrong.

Recently, proselytizing has fallen out of fashion among mainstream Christians and members of most other faiths. Part of this, no doubt, is a deep belief that the God who would damn, say, Anne Frank or Gandhi for not being Christian isn't worth worshipping. Part of it may also be the result of having been "witnessed to." As anyone who has had to endure the sales pitch of a door-to-door salesman for Jesus (usually in the form of a pitch for the seller's "Bible-believing" church) can testify, it can be an embarrassing experience. Some Jewish

friends once had to be very polite, but very firm, with a friend who was an evangelical Christian and who wanted to give them propaganda published by Jews for Jesus. They understood her sincerity, and it didn't leave a permanent strain in their friendship, partly because she had the sense to drop it. Proselytizing probably works only on those people who are already predisposed to move in the direction of the proselytizer; it may also affect those who are unchurched, but not happy in their condition. And the proselytizer would argue, of course, that these are people who need to be reached.



I wonder, though, whether there aren't other reasons we don't see believers doing more to present to others what they claim to believe. One could be that we really don't believe it, in any profound sense of the word. We use our religion as an adult version of the story a child finds familiar, comforting, and reassuring; but this does not really place us in the tradition of those who took to heart the belief that God's love is worth living for, even dying for. Very few of us could say with Paul's conviction, "For me, to live is Christ." If we experienced this as a transforming joy, a life-bearing truth, we would not be so generally passive about it. For most of us faith means a belief that a certain set of statements about God is true (which may in practice mean little more than that we hope those statements are true). For relatively few of us does faith have the more profound meaning of complete trust in God, and living with the risks that trusting someone unknowable involves.

Another reason for our passivity with regard to our religion is even more disturbing. We have made religion an entirely private thing, a strongly held, but absolutely

personal, opinion. It could be that we have accepted a more or less pagan approach to our own religion. The ancient Romans were in some ways real models of tolerance. The Roman Pantheon included the gods of all the conquered nations of the empire; the Jews were distrusted for refusing to allow the God of Israel to be enshrined with all the other gods. This seemed terribly intolerant. From the empire's point of view, it was. And the Jews were, of course, right. Their God was not like the gods of other nations, a god to be used for patriotic reasons or personal gain. The God made known to Moses from the darkness of Sinai, the God whose answer to Job was not an answer, this unknowable one who nevertheless chose to be revealed, the creator of everything who for reasons beyond our understanding made a covenant with human beings—something here cannot be contained or enshrined, and certainly does not exist for our use.

Tolerance is a civic virtue, a socially necessary politeness. But it has limits. Proselytization tests those limits in interesting ways. I respect those who feel the need to bother me with their beliefs. Some of them, at least, really are doing it for my sake. Some of my embarrassment is for their ignorance about what I believe. Since I don't share their particular version of Christianity, some of them believe I will be damned, and it grieves them. (If they were right, it would grieve me too.)

In an odd way, though, I have something in common with them, more than I do with people who find religion an interesting set of metaphors, which we may use and recast for our own ends. Revelation is at the center of our faith. Of course human beings have had to speak of encounters with the divine in metaphorical ways; but something really has been encountered there. Religion is not a constantly shifting set of metaphors for whatever we want it to mean. In the case of those religions which go back to Abraham there is a consistent belief that God has been revealed and demands a change of heart; a heart hardened to this message will know consequences. It isn't enough to find this interesting, or to read it in terms of what is currently acceptable to most secular folks. To the extent that we see our religion that way, Caesar wins. □

THE PRIMACY OF CARING

CHOOSING HEALTH-CARE PRIORITIES

DANIEL CALLAHAN

In thinking about health priorities, we would do well to remind ourselves of a point long made, well supported, and yet routinely neglected: The most important health gains up until very recently were those that came from aiming at the health of groups, not that of individuals. The great historical improvements in life expectancy, from the seventeenth through the early twentieth centuries, first came about as a result of better nutrition, sanitation, and general living conditions. With this phase was born the idea of public health and preventive medicine. I will call that the “first phase.” The next most important set of gains, from the late nineteenth through the mid-twentieth centuries, came about with the virtual conquest of infectious disease by means of vaccinations and antibiotics. This can be called the “second phase.” Thereafter, as we have come to know, other improvements—surgical techniques, intensive care units, improved rehabilitation, organ transplants—have made some contribution. But this, the “third phase,” has been accompanied by an increase in chronic disease and illness, particularly accompanying longer life expectancies: Cancer, heart disease, stroke, and the various dementias are the obvious examples of that. Combined with an aging population, this last cluster of conditions does not promise to give way to rapid solutions. Since they are also predominantly conditions associated with aging, they will in any case almost certainly give way to replacement illnesses, that is, to other diseases, possibly chronic also, that will in turn become the successor marks of old age.

The success of those first two phases and our difficulty with the third suggest some important lessons, of direct bearing on the case for societal priorities. One of them is that health care directed toward the welfare of large groups at risk from common, pervasive, and relatively controllable health threats still remains the most effective and relatively inexpensive kind. A healthy environment, including the provision of sanitation and a good diet, makes the most important contribution to the good health of individuals. It is the kind of contribution, moreover, that is

not addressed to the uniqueness and idiosyncrasies of individuals, but to their common features. Preventive medicine has the same feature: It is directed in general to that which promotes health for everyone, not for those at risk from some specific ailment. The techniques of the second phase—childhood immunization, on the one hand, and the use of antibiotics to cope with infections, on the other—turn out to have the same characteristics. They are directed to generic health hazards to which we are all comparatively subject, not to those less common, more idiosyncratic conditions not well or fully addressed by general public health measures or social and environmental responses.

The health hazards that have been so effectively dealt with by such means all spring, as a rough generalization, from external, exogenous threats and conditions—for example, environment, diet, life-style, hostile bacteria, and viruses. They affect all individuals in relatively similar ways and pose comparable hazards to all individuals. The difficulties that we face, by contrast, with the chronic illnesses that now dominate health care—schizophrenia, Alzheimer’s, cancer, heart disease, stroke, multi-organ failure—are in many important respects different. While it is true that we will not know in advance those to which we might personally be predisposed or vulnerable, they are not a general threat to all individuals, but threats much conditioned by genetic and other individually unique features. Many of them, most importantly, correlate heavily though not exclusively with aging. Our success in keeping people alive through their childhood and into their adult years means an increased risk for the chronic illnesses of later life.

What are the possible policy implications of that historical trend? Perhaps simple and ultimately inexpensive treatments (or prevention regimens) will someday be found for those diseases and conditions that most characteristically pick on individuals in their individuality. That is possible. Yet to make that kind of hope the foundation of policy and spending—to act and spend *as if* it must happen—is exceedingly unwise. It is a mistake to assume that the kinds of successes characteristic of earlier medical history will necessarily be repeated in the future. That so many of the most difficult conditions are associated with aging means also that, given human nature itself, the ragged edge of aging will most likely *always* and *necessarily* generate new debilitating

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and lethal conditions to replace those earlier reduced or eradicated. Even if, under the most optimistic possibility, there is an eventual "compression of morbidity" (a shorter period of illness prior to death in old age), there could still be frantic efforts at that diminishing ragged edge to extend life and defeat death. In any event, death always wins. To constantly invoke the success of the past to justify research on the remaining health agenda is not only costly, but increasingly so. There is also no certain likelihood, much less guarantee, of success. The reality of aging makes it certain, in fact, that it must sooner or later fail in some fundamental ways.

What can we conclude? When we look at health care from the perspective I have sketched here, a number of conclusions can be drawn. The first is that the greatest benefit the health-care system can bestow is to focus its efforts on those approaches that historically constituted what I have called the first two phases. That means focusing on the population as a whole, not beginning with the special needs of individuals.

The second conclusion is that the system promotes the greatest societal benefit by that focus at the lowest possible cost per person. A health-care system that provided *nothing* other than sanitation, good food, a decently clean environment, childhood immunization, antibiotics, and trauma care would already have done enough to assure that the majority of its citizens could carry out their societal roles. The more the system attends to individual needs not met by basic public-health measures and primary health care, the more it guarantees an ever-larger agenda and ever-higher costs, and especially as the curative research agenda gravitates, as it has, to conditions affecting the individual lives of the elderly. A society may move on beyond that point, but there is no compelling reason to think it must do so. A society cannot be said to owe its citizens the pursuit of every medical possibility to meet every curative need, much less when the possibilities of doing so are endless.

The third conclusion is that it is much easier to morally justify, and even demand, a strong societal role in providing that kind of basic care. It benefits in principle everyone more or less equally, in much the same way as do fire and police protection and national defense. It has the supreme advantage that it provides a very general benefit, one in itself sufficient to meet the most important societal need for health. And it admits of limits, for we already can, at a reasonable and circumscribed cost, provide that level of health care without inherently limitless expenditures—particularly if we accept the fact that, while it will not achieve good health for all, it will achieve good health for a sufficient number to carry out the main functions of society.

Exactly the opposite is true in the quest to meet individual curative need. It will not be possible for us to meet such need, no matter how hard we try or how far research advances, or to pay the costs of such a crusade, one ever doomed to fail on one ragged edge or another. But we can, as individuals, make a solid claim for a health-care system that provides for the general health of society, of which we are a part. Our claim is simply this and

no more: We cannot endure together as a people without a sufficient level of health care for the community as a whole. That claim establishes the moral foundation for a system of universal health care, while at the same time limiting our claim for individual cure.

It is striking, moreover, that the progress of the historical first phase—nutrition and sanitation, most decisive for longevity—is far more a reflection of social and living conditions than of medical conditions. It is no less striking that the second historical phase was achieved through (a) concern, not with individual welfare as such, but with the damage done to groups by infectious disease, especially epidemics; and (b) basic biological knowledge, pertinent to human beings in their common features rather than in their particularity. This is not to deny that something similar may one day turn out to be true of many chronic diseases of the third phase; it is just not as likely. One reason for their persistence is that they are multifactorial in their causality, take many different forms in their expression, and more reflect some fundamental limitation of human biology. The individual variations are numerous and complicated. That makes them amenable neither to simple vaccinations for prevention nor to simple treatments, such as antibiotics, once contracted (though genetic therapy could make a difference here). In that respect, the first and second phases of the medical revolution can be significantly distinguished from the third, current phase.

If our health-care system (and the social system of which it is a part) did nothing more than keep the conditions of the first two phases in good working order, it would ensure long and healthy lives for the majority of the population. If it only did that, and nothing more, it would be an adequate health-care system for any nation. If it only did that, and did it well, it would be a reasonably (if not fully) just system, providing a basic benefit for everyone. It would take care of our most important requirements for the exercise of our citizenship and participation in the life of our society. Anything beyond that level would be



"I'm afraid medical science isn't so simple, Mrs. Wemble. You just can't shop around until you find a disease you like."

welcome, but not necessarily required.

Yet that is likely to seem too stringent a standard, not only because a country might be able to afford more, but also because it would leave as a residue some significant problems for particular groups within the population. They fall into two categories. One of them is made up of the health problems that the advances of the first two phases do not fully respond to: accidents, genetically induced illnesses not wholly amenable to behavioral or societal eradication, mental illness, and other conditions that tend to lead to premature though not necessarily early deaths or to a high probability of a life of suffering and disability. The other category is made up of the "third-phase" chronic illnesses and disabilities, especially those that increase in incidence with age, becoming especially pronounced in old age.

What priority should we give these additional categories? That is the real, and economically crucial, question. It is those latter two categories that pose the greatest economic problems, that make most problematic the idea of ultimately conclusive medical progress, and that most bear on uniquely individual well-being. It is the pursuit of success with them that most makes health care, as an economic and social category, encroach on other societal domains important to the overall life of communities and societies.

My argument is that, once society has provided the baseline of preventive care and public health I have so far sketched, it has done most of what ought morally to be required of it. With one critical exception—that of providing care (not cure) for each individual in all of his or her individuality—it may consider other health services morally optional and set them aside, if necessary, in the name of other legitimate social goods. But to make that case and to argue for the primacy of caring, I must now move from the bottom up, coming back to the individual.

I have tried to show the kind of claim we have as citizens on the health resources of society. That claim is one we make in the name of the welfare of the society as a whole. We can reasonably demand, for our common benefit, that there be a health-care system which provides enough general health to ensure the decent functioning of the society and its main institutions. That was, in fact, the primary rationale behind the universal health-care systems of most of the European countries, not that of an individual right to health care. The benefit is mutual: We all gain, as a society, from each other's good health.

What kind of claim can we, by contrast, make as individuals in all of our individuality? A good society ought to respond to that individuality. It will be a fearful and threatening one if it does not. We will simply be anonymous, replaceable parts. As Larry R. Churchill has nicely put it, "To the extent that we isolate ourselves and count anyone's suffering as insignificant, to that extent is our own humanity diminished" (*Rationing Health Care in America*, University of Notre Dame Press, 1987). Writ large, our mutual and shared response to the suffering of others is what makes the difference between a merely well-functioning society and a decent and humane one. It is what is conducive to the devising of a rewarding and supportive society, showing us that our existence as identifiable persons, regardless of our economic

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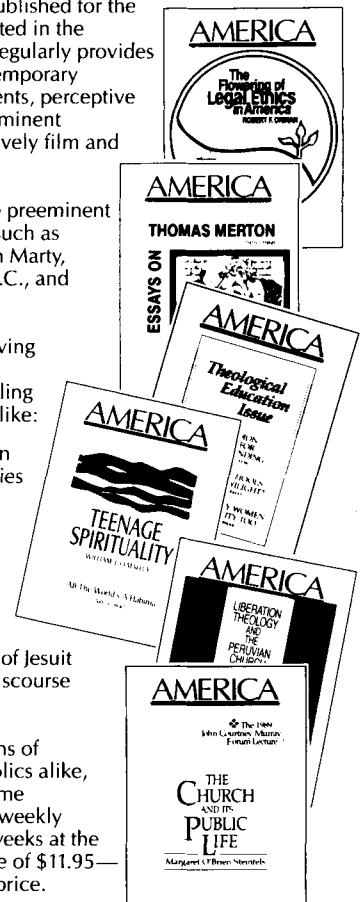
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or societal worth to the collective whole, has a central place. Yet if we cannot guarantee the individual unlimited medical cure of disease, the meeting of all individual curative needs, then what alternative is there to find that central place for the individual? To get at that question, let me see if I can bring to the surface the basic impulse that seems to lie behind our concern for each other in our sickness and disability, and then go beyond that to the provision of health care through the government.

To be sick is to be vulnerable. If we are sick enough, we usually look to others for help. We turn to them, they turn to us. Do we, in some sense, owe it to our neighbor to see that he or she has access to health care, or should we see it only as an act of charity or benevolence, not strictly required but expressive of our moral feelings? The answer to that question is unclear, for much will depend upon just what is being asked of us. In a general way, however there is an almost universal sentiment in developed countries that there is some kind of mutual obligation to provide care. What is its basis? It is undoubtedly our shared sense that

we cannot, alone or on our own, cope with the ravages of illness and death, even though they are our most private of experiences. We need the help of others, and the provision of health care can be understood as an expression of a need for solidarity in our common plight. The important question is not only how we might justify this sense of solidarity, if we assume that justification is needed, but how we choose to articulate it and to encompass it within the social and political systems.

What is it about the sickness of our fellow human beings that most draws our sympathy and desire to be of help? If we can understand that, we have a basis for both the solidarity and for its embodiment in a health-care system. I believe that it is, above all, the pain and suffering that most disturb us. This is something we can empathize with, sharing as we all do some occasions of pain. We may not know what it is like to suffer a heart attack if we have not had one, but we can understand what it is to feel pain, to experience a desperate shortage of breath, to suffer anxiety and fear. We respond most immediately and directly to that kind of pain and suffering, and it may be the most common and universal impulse behind the drive to help those who are ill. It is more difficult to appreciate so directly the thwarting of other goods and goals that sickness brings to another person—a trip thwarted, a job deferred, for instance. That is not only because we usually have different personal goals, but also because the nature of the deprivation is less instantly palpable to the eye and the imagination than, say, physical pain. In the case of other goods thwarted by illness, moreover, it is possible in many cases for alternatives to be found (even if a lesser choice), or for the deprivation to be adapted to and tolerated. This is rarely so possible with pain and suffering, whose insistence can be powerful, direct, and destructive of any possibilities of secular redemption.

Rawdon Tomlinson
Mr. Norwood

He stands at the foot of my bed
expressionless and mute,
inside a white room, walls
vague as drifting snow,
waiting with his long suffering wife,
her Buddha smile, as though
I should have expected them.

In drunken oblivion he missed a curve
years ago, was paralyzed forever
before he died.

I visited to play Daniel Boone
with his son; we walked through the room
where he was propped in bed
on white pillows, head faced toward the wall
open eyed, not looking—
like a thought lost.

Perhaps he is summoned by the suffering
which wakes me to the dark, ocean-night
alone beside my sleeping wife.

There are others like him
who come to share
distance, hearts softened,
who sense the residue of grief,
black rose.

And I never send them away,
and they never know what
to say.

The pain and suffering of individuals should, for all these reasons, always receive a high priority in the health-care system. They are both essentially private experiences, even though we can often observe their effects. Pain may be defined as a distressing, hurtful sensation in the body. Suffering, by contrast, is a broader, more complex idea. It may be defined, in the case of illness, as a sense of anguish, vulnerability, loss of control, and threat to the integrity of the self. There can be pain without suffering, and suffering without pain. In either case, only I can experience it, and only I can be relieved of it. Of course some degree of pain and suffering can be tolerated, and I do not mean to imply that the relief of *all* pain and suffering would be an appropriate goal for the system. It would not. I am only saying that they are forms of individual need—private, hidden, not directly sharable with others—that most merit our attention and that are most open to our help. It is the vulnerability that illness creates that most requires the response of others. I call that response one of “caring.”

The term “caring” has its liabilities. It conveys, for some, sentimentality and softness, a vague ambiance of feeling rather than a systematic effort to make an effective difference. It need not and should not have those connotations. That in itself is symptomatic of the bias toward acute-care, high-technology

medicine, with its comfortable presumption that it *does* something for people in contrast to merely holding their hands. Caring might also suggest acting by default; it is then taken to be what we give people if we cannot cure their disease or change their condition, a kind of consolation prize.

That is a biased understanding. Caring can best be understood as a positive emotional and supportive response to the condition and situation of another person, a response whose purpose is to affirm our commitment to their well-being, our willingness to identify with them in their pain and suffering, and our desire to do what we can to relieve their situation. As Dr. Leon Eisenberg has observed about the care provided by physicians, "The comfort that treatment brings—what has been termed 'caring' as opposed to curing—is what accounts for the antiquity and the continuity of the physician's function in society" ("The Search for Care," *Daedalus*, Winter 1977).

The caring response can take two related forms. One of them is constituted by the attitudes and personal traits we bring to bear—our concern, sensitivity, dedication, and steadfast patience, for example. The other is the way we socially structure our response: by organizing institutional support when needed, a support oriented toward the provision of comfort and security, assisting the patient to accommodate to his or her situation in some structured way. To care for someone is to give him or her our time, attention, sympathy, and whatever social help we can muster to make the situation bearable and, if not bearable, at least one that never leads to abandonment, the greatest of all medical evils. Caring should always take priority over curing for the most obvious of reasons: There is never any certainty that our illnesses can be cured or our death averted. Eventually they will, and must, triumph. Our victories over sickness and death are always temporary, but our need for support, for caring, in the face of them is always permanent.

Is there not something anachronistic, even archaic, about urging the priority of caring over curing? Does that not undo the very point of scientific medicine, that of finding cures for illness rather than settling for care? Not at all. The steady increase in chronic illness, the almost certain emergence of economic limits on many curative possibilities, and dissatisfaction with impersonal medicine press it once again to the foreground.

The primary assurance we all require is that we will be cared for in our sickness regardless of the likelihood of cure. Of course it is important for the health-care system as a whole to know how it can prevent disease, and to know what it might do to cure it once individuals are afflicted. But above all it must be prepared to support and minister to people in their vulnerability to sickness and death, which can only be reduced, never vanquished. That is the one assurance we must all have from our fellow citizens and human beings. The greatest failure of contemporary health care is that it has tended to overlook this point, has become distracted from it by the glamour of cure and the war against illness and death.

At the center of caring should be a commitment never to avert its eyes from, or wash its hands of, someone who is in pain or is suffering, who is disabled or incompetent, who is retarded or demented; that is the most fundamental demand made upon

us. It is also the one commitment a health-care system can almost always make to everyone, the one need that it can reasonably meet. When the individual need for cure is infinite in its possibilities, the need for caring is much more finite—there is always something we can do for each other. The possibilities of caring are, in that respect, far more self-contained than the possibilities of curing. That is also why their absence is inexcusable.

We might look at caring more closely by attending to the three basic human needs: the need to exist, the need to think and feel, and the need to function (to act in the world). The threat of death is the most obvious, and extreme, instance of danger to our need to exist. In most people, that threat evokes fear and dread. Even though many seem, in their dying, to be able to accept it, the passage from life to death must stand as the center of the drama of human fate. It is that passage, more than the inconceivable situation of actually being dead, that most grips the imagination, most presses us back upon and into ourselves. As the ultimate form of separation from the human community, those undergoing the passage most need the company and care of others, to keep them socially in the community until the last possible moment, to assure them that they will not be forgotten, that the death of their body will not be preceded by the death of their social self, pushed out of sight and out of mind by fearful medical workers or families. The great value of the hospice movement is its contribution to the care of the dying and to opening up, once again, the possibility of accepting illness and death in an affirmative way.

Consider also our need to think and to feel. In the most extreme cases, those suffering from severe mental illness, dementia, or retardation can seem well beyond caring, so cut off from others that they appear irrevocably trapped within themselves. Care for them can seem useless, yet because there is no clear certainty about what it means to the victim of a severe pathology of mind or emotions, their care becomes important as a way of binding them to the community, a way of treating them with dignity, of recognizing the humanity remaining, however hidden or distorted. For those with lesser conditions, burdened by anxiety, or with distortions of affect, or with mild retardation or dementia, they need the care of others to function in the world, to have it made a safe place for them.

Something similar is true for the handicapped and physically disabled, thwarted in their need to function. They require the assurance that they will not be cut off from the company of those able to move about and act in the world. They will depend upon others to act for them, to move them from place to place if they are in a wheelchair, to read to them if they are blind, to change their underclothes if they cannot do so for themselves, and, most of all, to accept them as still valuable, still cherished members of society. If they are chronically ill, they may suffer some combination of all these needs; for reassurance in the face of death, for help with the emotional stress of a drawn-out, unending illness, for assistance with the physical tasks, the movement, that may gradually come to be beyond them.



I need not elaborate upon the kind of caring that those with different needs will require. It is for the most part well known and those who work with the afflicted can readily supply the details. At the center of these needs is the experience of illness, disability, and loss of self-control and self-creation that ordinarily accompanies them. Illness is hostile to the integrity of the self, its sense of being at one with and in direction of itself. Sickness alienates us from ourselves first of all, from the familiar, comfortable, healthy body or mind. It sets us at odds with ourselves, and that alienation can quickly spread to a sense of alienation from others, those who remain among the healthy and the active. We feel we will lose the love and respect of others, that if our illness goes on long enough, or is severe enough, it will place us outside the circle of those for whom the world is still comfortably theirs. It is the suffering of illness, not simply the pain it may bring, that most oppresses: our fears about the future, our feeling of loss, our anxiety that control and self-direction are, or may be, no more.

To care for another is to minister to these fears, to supply love and patient fidelity to the anxiety about separation from others. It is to assure another that they remain important to others, that their illness has not deprived them of a life in the community. It is to ease their pain where possible, and then to help them live with their frailty, whether of body, mind, or function. To do this effectively requires skill and insight. The continuing failure of medical education to train students to do this well is revealing. It is surely not because the subject has never been mentioned in discussions of curriculum reform. It has been a perennial topic, but it always loses out to an emphasis on scientific knowledge and technical skills, and there is no end in sight to that bias. Medical education remains overwhelmingly technical in its emphasis, and of course those skills are the most highly rewarded financially. This is hardly to say that doctors are uncaring; most are and only a small proportion are not, at least in my experience. Too often it is nurses who are expected to provide caring, however.

Caring is just not the trait that is emphasized for physicians the way medical knowledge is. The technical skills they deploy are impersonal, directed to organ and system failures, not to the particularities of individual suffering. The ability to care requires a capacity to acknowledge our own mortality and our common vulnerability, as well as to understand the privacy and hiddenness of much pain and suffering in others, an understanding that requires imagination. We are all fellow patients or potential patients, doctors and laypeople alike; that should never be forgotten. The medical educational system has fitfully tried, by rhetoric and exhortation, to bring caring back to the center of medicine. That can hardly work when the enterprise itself is so decisively oriented toward cure, toward aggressive action, toward

mastery of the body. That bias pushes, and must push, care to the side. Care will only become central if, and when, medicine shifts its goals and ends.

If the center of caring is the way we respond to another as an individual person, a way of being with that person in all of his or her uniqueness, then its effective manifestation requires institutions, accommodating social structures, and a society prepared to make room for those it cannot cure or return to "productive" life. For the dying, the need may be for that of an institutional hospice, for a solid home-care program, for the kind of psychological and social counseling necessary to ease the passage from life to death—which may be true for the family as well as the dying person. The family may on occasion require legal assistance, and sometimes the help of social workers in trying to hold itself together in the face of the death of one of its members. For the mentally ill, or retarded, or the elderly demented person, institutional care will be necessary in the most severe cases, and good programs of home care for those not quite so badly off. In still milder cases, counseling of family members may be needed, and vocational help. For the functioning of the disabled, their families will need technical training and psychological counseling to understand how to do what they must do, and how to live with the enormous pressures that being a caretaker can entail. Programs of occupational therapy will be required, as well as a range of community services, most of them going well beyond the narrowly medical.

Again, I need not fill in the details of these familial and institutional needs. However intricate and elaborately structured such institutions may be, the provision of caring of that kind is within the range of finite possibility. A decent, if not perfect, job could be done. I am not claiming that it is inexpensive. It is not. I am also not claiming that it would be possible to do everything that might be imagined in the name of caring. Demand could exceed possibility there as well. I am only claiming that caring does not have about it the inherent infinity of possibilities characteristic of that medicine which aims to cure illness and to forestall death. The individual need for caring is more limited, able to be reasonably well circumscribed in decent social programs and caring individuals.

Where the limitation of curative medicine in the name of the good of the society as a whole—which I believe necessary—courts the danger of an unfeeling utilitarianism, a simultaneous and counterbalancing focus upon individual caring can keep a concern for the individual at the center of the health-care system. Caring is the foundation stone of respect for human dignity and worth upon which everything else should be built. Its presence can be a steady and faithful one even in the inevitable absence of resources to carry forward the open-ended enterprise of cure. It is in caring that we can address the uniqueness of persons, that which makes them different from each other. It is in caring that we can respect the claims and calls of individuality, that we can most show our solidarity with each other. When all else fails, as it eventually must in the lives of all of us, a society that gives a priority to caring in its response to individuals is worthy of praise. □



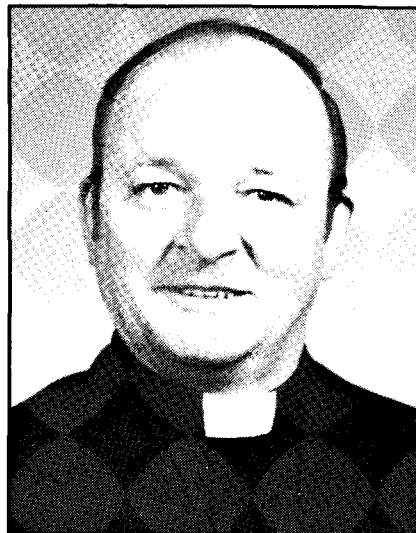
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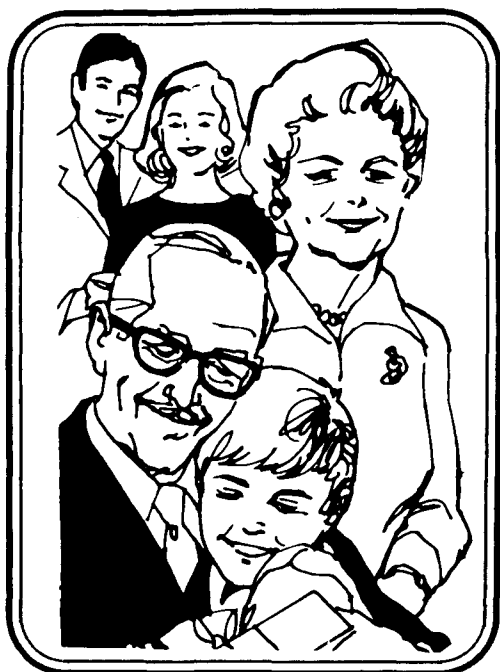
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LIFE AFTER DEATH

THE HOUSE WE LIVED IN

MADELINE MARGET

My sister died this past summer. Ever since, the house we lived in as children, and the loss of it, has been on my mind. My mother and sister and I left that house after my father died. He came home from work one morning in late August with what he thought was a stomach ache, and was dead from a heart attack before the ambulance my terrified mother tried to call could arrive. He was an insurance agent, and a passionate man. He loved gardening, and music. I remember him playing the cello and listening to the hi-fi inside our old house, and outside it, unbalancing peat moss and raking loam. He died at forty-six—the age I am now—when my sister Roberta was fifteen, and I was nine. His funeral was on a bright, hot day. The temple was packed, and the rabbi, referring to my father by his nickname—“Eddie”—wept delivering the eulogy.

My mother felt she could not bear to live without my father in the place he had been and so, right away, she sold the house and gave away the rugs and lamps and furniture. We moved into a new, and newly decorated apartment and three years later, when my mother married again, into a house in another town. When, shortly after Roberta died, I sat in my mother’s living room, the only things I recognized from our old life were a pair of bookends, kneeling Chinese figures that hold up, now as always, two leatherbound volumes of poetry. When I was a child, I wondered about the significance of the content of those books; objects so set apart from the rest, and I worried about my inability to understand it.

Judaism teaches that we live on in our deeds, and in the minds and hearts of those who knew us. I have heard these words as far back as I can remember and, because death came early in my life, I have always been alert to them. But it is only now, with my sister gone, that they are real to me. I will never see Roberta again. Although I believe that to be true, I cannot comprehend it. Inside me, she lives in our old house. The predominant part of her left to me is her image as a child, the perspective only I have, and that her children and mine ask me about now.

We were a combative family. My parents were first cousins; their fathers had been competitive brothers, and in our house the twists, myths, and disappointments of history invaded and superseded the present and the everyday, throwing their weight

and complexity into the simplest disagreement. There were shouts and sulking over what groceries to buy and what music to listen to, rages over school grades, fury at the possibility of dishonesty. Everything belonged to and reflected on all our ancestors, including and especially those who still lived around the corner. My father died before we could be anything but a young family.

My mother always said she married my father because he made her laugh—on their first date they went to a dance, where he stepped on her feet but kept her in hysterics—and his brilliant mimetic gift and exaggerated sense of the ridiculous filled our house, fusing with the sadness there. Both my parents believed themselves to be out of the ordinary; each considered the other to be extraordinary. Theirs was the most intensely romantic relationship I have ever known.

To my mother, the love between sisters is sacred. She was devoted to hers, and she expected the same of Roberta and me. This was a heavy burden, and through our lives both of us sometimes failed to carry it, although Roberta always said she loved me. When I was a newborn baby, she used to tell me, she would wash her hands and then sit by my crib, patting mine. But I had displaced her, as second children do; our personalities and ideas—similar, I think now, at the core—developed differently, and rivalry grew. We re-enacted some of the history we had absorbed too well, and in adulthood we suffered and instigated tensions and rifts between us.

They passed, surmounted mostly by the contingencies of her illness. There was, first, her bravery, which she expressed as a longing and need to live, through all the terrible treatments she underwent, and the great physical problems and limitations with which she was left. There was her gratitude to me, maintained in the face of my fear and anger at her plight, for what I did to help her.

In the last months of her life Roberta achieved a great sweetness, and, at the very end, peace. She died at home, as she wanted. A few minutes before she lost consciousness she said, calmly and firmly, to me. “It’s good you are here.” I think those were her last words, but I’m not at all sure; it may simply be that her grace in so saying them finalized our bond.

Roberta died in the middle of the night, and my mother and I went into the room where she lay. I was not afraid or disturbed by the sight of her body as I had been of other dead people. This was still, in some way, Roberta. My mother bent and kissed her, and stroked her hair. “Oh Roberta,” she cried, “how I’ll

MADELINE MARGET, a writer and reviewer, is now working on a book about the humane delivery of high-tech medical care.

I have not, physically, been in our old house since we moved away, but it inhabits me. Images of its rooms and its light, in the evening and during the day, superimpose themselves on places I read about in novels. They flash into my mind as I go about my business, and come to me in the night. I can see all ten of the rooms, and the hallways, too. I know where the furniture is placed, and the colors of the upholstery and the carpets and the walls. Roberta's room was blue. I can see her at her desk—my father bought it unfinished, and stained it for her. She's knitting, not reading or studying, and the effort is a youthful one, full of holes. But I, out in the hall, am younger still, and when she turns toward me I see my big sister, full of knowledge, her face troubled with the future that is sure to come. □

wanting to move and stand
and listen before we call, and call again
to the small voices that are
so distant, distant and already
foreign at the edge of town.



HEROISM WITHOUT GLAMOUR

'HENRY V' & 'MUSIC BOX'

Will there always be an England? Maybe not, but there will always be English acting. Witness Kenneth Branagh's *Henry V*. It almost out-Oliviers Olivier. Branagh, a twenty-nine-year-old actor/director, has adapted and stars in this grimly authentic, bloody spectacle. Under his guidance, Paul Scofield (the French king), Derek Jacobi (the chorus), Ian Holm (the Welsh army officer, Fluellen), Judi Dench (Mistress Quickly, host of the Eastcheap tavern where Henry once caroused), and Christian Bale (a boy soldier) give a rousing lesson in ensemble craftsmanship. Branagh's mud-besplattered screen becomes a way back through "the dark, backward and abysm of time" to the company of the actor/bard and the start of this grand tradition of art/entertainment. Many, many ghosts hover around this film.

Like Olivier, Branagh roots the play in theatrical heritage, starting with Jacobi's vibrant, stage-house introduction. Like Olivier, Branagh knows that such a work was never meant to be read, but seen and heard; he rescues Shakespeare from teachers who reduce his audience by treating plays primarily as poetry—a narrower, more cerebral province, and one much harder to enter (hence classroom death). Fortunately, Branagh doesn't go to the opposite extreme of the shock-addict modernizers who equate "relevance" and theatrical pizzazz with putting Mohawks on Mercutios. Instead, he finds new ways of transfiguring the riches of Shakespeare's stage and the rough and tumble of medieval politics to the screen. This *Henry* is new through imaginative authenticity.

An early sequence typifies Branagh's approach. Jacobi's second speech, magnificently shot over the cliffs of Dover, is followed by the king angrily arresting and throttling some noble traitors before setting off for France. The myth of "this blessed isle" is juxtaposed with the brute reality of antique statecraft, as Branagh first symbolizes, then dramatizes kingship as a permanent "edge of the cliff" existence. Indeed, in some ways (if this be heresy, make the most of it!), Branagh improves on Shakespeare. On stage, recollections of Henry's tavern escapades are limited to speech; in the film, they're inserted as vivid flashbacks. Or take the Act III announcement of the execution of Bardolph (one of Henry's lower-life pals) and see how Branagh cinematizes it.

Branagh is stalking something difficult: without imposing on the play, he aims at a new interpretation. Olivier's stirring wartime *Henry V* (1944) played off parallels between Agincourt and the D-Day everyone knew was coming in Northern France. Branagh tries to turn his *Henry* slightly against war—or at least to use the resources of current moviemaking to depict more grossly the horror of battle. His Henry is heroic, but not glamorous;

he staggers to victory with a body over his shoulder like a cross. Olivier also dropped Shakespeare's references to English treason and the closing chorus, which emphasized how temporary Henry's triumphs were. Branagh's *Henry* is sadder and more realistic.

Branagh can't succeed entirely because of the nature of the play. *Henry V* is not a perfect whole. It is derived from the chronicle works (*Richard II* and *Henry IV*), is limited (despite Shakespeare's efforts) by an episodic structure, misses the presence of Falstaff, and lacks tragic conflict. It raises hard issues about heroic glory in a "just war," then bows to the need for patriotic and dynastic propaganda—Fluellen sparkles in part to please Elizabeth I, half Welsh herself. Aside from theatricality, the surest sign it was written by an actor is how well its author knew where his bread was buttered. Branagh can't change this, or is too honest to try. He only hints at how he sees Henry growing.

Despite its problems, Branagh's *Henry V* never tires. Shakespeare provided, and Branagh exploits, great comic and romantic relief in scenes where the French princess (played by Branagh's wife, Emma Thompson) learns English and later resists, then yields to, Henry's forceful courtship. The first has some bilingual bawdy only Shakespeare would be mischievous and gifted enough to try. Branagh mines the second one for the contemporary suggestion: make love, not war. The two scenes are worth the price of several admissions.

Music Box also contains excellent acting, and manages to make credible, exciting use of well-known recipes for mounting tension. Unfortunately, director Constantin Costa-Gavras and writer Joe Eszterhas have not given enough depth to their characters to make the movie succeed. Jessica Lange powers it as an attorney defending her father (Armin Mueller-Stahl) against charges that he hid a war criminal past when emigrating to Chicago in the early 1950s. Eszterhas gives them rich material from his own Hungarian roots, and Costa-Gavras manages court scenes for effective suspense. But the film falls short.

Lange's attorney is her most mature, least sexually oriented role to date. Lange always will be a physically imposing actress, but in *Music Box* she keeps this under restraint, except for one well-timed courtroom gesture. She looks hardened, unglamorous, Hungarian—the film's makeup crew having craftily pushed her German features slightly southeast.

Eszterhas has also served Lange well: unlike many women lawyers in so many thrillers on screen lately, she is not made to fall in love with someone inconvenient. Here, of course, the defendant would be out of the question; but not the prosecutor (Frederick Forrest). Against genre, there is no sexual tension between the two, only anger without undertone. Lange stays completely in character as a tough defense counsel and fiercely loyal daughter. Her affection for Mueller-Stahl is compelling; to her he is "Papa," the hard-working steel hand and single parent who sustained her when her mother died. Her best acting in *Music Box* involves her caring for him, matched only by the physical distress she shows when she goes to Budapest (in some

richly textured scenes) to find out the truth about his (and her) past.

This past is not hard to guess from near the beginning of the film—in itself no major flaw. As the Greeks' and Shakespeare's use of well-known stories suggests, suspense doesn't always depend on the audience not knowing the outcome. It often relies on watching people teeter on the edge of sure disaster, which makes us sympathize more with their pain, or hope against hope when it seems an escape is impossible. The court scenes in *Music Box* are filled with horrible tales of activities of the Hungarian "Arrow Cross," home-grown Nazis who, lacking ammunition in 1944, used some sadistically inventive means to murder. But we are bound to hope that Mueller-Stahl was not one of them, as Lange claims, especially because of her own horror at the stories and at anyone (especially her ex-father-in-law, a suave WASP cliché from Lake Forest) who denies the Holocaust. Her anguish is even more pitiable given her fear for her son (Lukas Haas), named after her father, whom the boy adores. The fear of pollution makes *Music Box* resemble Greek drama in more ways than one.

The film has minor problems: it starts unevenly; several scenes near the beginning have painfully abrupt conclusions; during trial scenes, you never know where Lange is getting the inside information she uses to discredit witnesses. But the film's major flaw is that it substitutes surface and plot for motive and character. It ends where it could have started, in a quick portrayal of Lange's ethical conflict. Nor do we get to know what makes Mueller-Stahl tick. Forrest says the case exemplifies not the "banality of evil" but its vivid reality; members of the Arrow Cross weren't "faceless bureaucrats." But this is even more reason for the movie to get beyond clichés and examine how nice fathers and husbands could once, across Europe, have become monsters. Eszterhas knows the Hungarian side of this, and Costa-Gavras (maker of *Z* and *Missing*) knows his political history. But their collaboration here has little resonance on a psychological level. Since the hatreds on which they focus are still a force in Eastern Europe, this film could have been both rich and timely.

TOM O'BRIEN

STAGE

A LONG WAY TO BROADWAY

'TRAVELER' & 'SQUIRRELS'

Marsha Norman's *Traveler in the Dark* has been a long time making its way to New York. It was first performed at the American Repertory Theatre in Cambridge in 1984, and a year later, a new version—this version—opened at the Mark Taper in Los Angeles. It was published in Norman's first collection, *Four Plays*, in 1988. It finally arrived in Manhattan in mid-January when the York Theater Company mounted an effective production for a limited run. Reading the play, seeing the play, I find it difficult to guess why the delay.

It is true that it lacks the dramatic force of Norman's earlier plays—*Getting Out*, *'night*, *Mother*—but it is an intriguing character study and a fascinating philosophical/theological debate. There's the rub, I suppose. New York theatergoers have no great taste for ideational confrontation, their intellectual perceptions having been dimmed by too much moving scenery.

The play is set in an abandoned garden—once a magic place, of sorts—not so neutral ground in the struggle between Sam, a doctor who believes in the human mind and the verifiable fact, and Everett, his father, a clergyman whose faith is intact even though he is not the fiery evangelist he once was. Those, at least, are opposing forces, although the struggle is really going on within Sam himself. The two men have met here because Sam, his wife, and son have come for a funeral, the burial of Sam's nurse, Everett's surrogate daughter, whom all Sam's surgical skills could not save. Mavis's death has triggered Sam's need to reexamine his life, but for most of the play his analysis is fake, his way of papering over the doubts that have undermined his assurance. In his usual arrogant way, he announces that he will leave Glory, his wife, turn his back finally on his father, and take his son to a safe place where he will not be infected by Everett's God, Glory's softness.

What Sam resents is not Everett's God, but the man himself. He remembers his father's treatment of his mother, his taking for granted that she would be there for him, a convenience—if a beloved one—that could be ignored while he did God's work. Sam remembers most of all how Everett used him and his grief after his mother's death to make an evangelistic point. Before the end of the play, however, Sam has learned that he has been as blind to Glory's devotion as his father was to his mother's, has never seen Mavis clearly—certainly not the illness that would kill her—and has misunderstood the son who chooses not to be the means to his reformation. Sam is schooled finally by pain, not by intellection, and he even reaches a spiritual revelation, if that is the correct phrase to describe his recognition of his own uncertainty. His mother, who hovers over the play as insistently as Mavis does, was the keeper of this garden with its strange statues, a lover of fantasy and fairy tales who marked her child. At the end, after the four characters are once again a family, the father recalls and Sam finishes the second verse of a nursery rhyme, a favorite of his mother: "As your bright and tiny spark/Guides the traveler in the dark/Though I know not what you are /Twinkle, twinkle little star."

The weakness of the play, if we take it on a realistic level, is that we have to accept on faith—the playgoer's faith in the author—that Sam is a genius of the scalpel and Everett an inspired preacher. The strength of the play is that we are shown that the savior of souls and the savior of bodies are as alike as father and son. Each on his own quest rides unseeing over those closest to him and does not notice how his way is cleared of the annoying interruptions of daily life. When the man supersedes the doctor, the preacher, he can become the son, the husband, the father. As for the twinkling star, to each playgoer his own message. Whatever it is, it is an effective finish to *Traveler in the Dark*.

David Mamet's *Squirrels* has been around much longer than *Traveler*, and it still has not reached New York, although it is

getting closer. The Philadelphia Festival Theatre of New Plays gave what they called the play's "professional premiere" (perhaps to protect the "New" in their name) as their first program in 1990. One of Mamet's first plays, *Squirrels* had been produced in 1974 by the St. Nicholas Theatre Company that Mamet and W.H. Macy were then running in Chicago. It is a funny play about the creative process—shifting encounters among an older writer, his young assistant, and a cleaning woman, who is also a writer. Macy, who directed the new production and played in the original, spoke briefly after the performance I saw. He suggested that it depicts a struggle between commercialism (the older writer) and imagination (the cleaning woman) for the artistic soul of the young man, and that the former wins since, at the end of the play, he is dictating to the young man at the typewriter while the cleaning woman, in a spot downstage, is improvising a new narrative. Heavy! Not only does the interpretation sit

uneasily on the comedy, it is textually suspect because, while the two writers have appropriated one of the cleaning woman's stories, she is beginning to play with the squirrel plot that has haunted the older writer through much of the play. To be fair, Macy never said that this is Mamet's reading of his own play. *Squirrels* manages to touch cheerfully on writer's block, on how a writer's personality transforms material, and on the way everything—including other people's inventions—is fair game for the writer in need of a workable idea. After all, there are more squirrels in this play than the stuffed one on the writer's desk or the ones that keep turning up in his unfinished story; all three characters squirrel away material pilfered from the minds of the others—or from the wastebasket they share. *Squirrels* is hardly a statement on art and commerce. It is little more than a playful exercise of a young writer feeling his way through words.

GERALD WEALES

BOOKS

It's darker than we thought

In the early 1930s the astronomer Fritz Zwicky made a perplexing discovery. He measured the relative velocities of galaxies in the Coma cluster of galaxies, and he estimated the total mass of the galaxies in the cluster by adding up all of their luminous matter. The problem was this: The galaxies are moving faster than the velocities that would allow them to escape the gravitational attraction of the system. In the time since the galaxies formed, the members of the Coma cluster should have dispersed. Yet the cluster is apparently stable. *Something* is holding it together.

Zwicky guessed that there is more matter in the cluster than meets the eye, dark, non-luminous matter exerting the required gravitational tug to hold the galaxies in place.

But what was this mysterious stuff? Certainly not stars, which we should see by their light. Nor planets, which in our solar system account for only a tiny fraction of the total mass. Nor gas or dust, which we could detect by either the emission or the absorption of light.

Zwicky's guess was prophetic. Astronomers have subsequently observed the gravitational dynamics of many indi-

THE FIFTH ESSENCE

The Search for Dark Matter in the Universe

Lawrence M. Krauss

Basic Books, Inc., \$21.95, 342 pp.

Chet Raymo

vidual galaxies and clusters of galaxies. In almost every case, the pull of gravity is stronger than what can be accounted for by luminous matter. The startling conclusion: Up to 97 percent of the mass of the universe is unseen. The dark material is located in and around galaxies of every type, including our own Milky Way galaxy. No one yet knows what this invisible matter consists of. Massy neutrinos from the creation? Black holes? Stars too small to ignite their thermonuclear fires? Whatever the dark matter turns out to be, it is certainly unlike anything here on earth.

I once recounted these developments to a friend. I said, "Ninety-seven percent of the stuff in the universe is stuff about which we know absolutely nothing." He replied somewhat forlornly, "It is probably the best stuff, too."

Dark matter may or may not be the "best

stuff," but it certainly is disconcerting to discover that most of what exists remains unseen by human eyes and unknown. Lawrence Krauss, a professor of physics and astronomy at Yale University, believes the discovery of dark matter brings us to the brink of the "ultimate Copernican revolution." Not only are we not at the center of the universe, but the entire visible universe is but a drop in the cosmic sea.

"How much farther can we fall?" asks Krauss. "If these arguments are correct, then it seems very likely that we, and all that we can see, form an insignificant bit of 'noise'—a cosmic afterthought, so to speak."

Professor Krauss has been a participant in the search for dark matter, and in *The Fifth Essence* he tells the story with clarity and attention to detail. Many readers will find certain technical parts of the book demanding, but those who persevere will be carried along on one of the great intellectual adventures of our time.

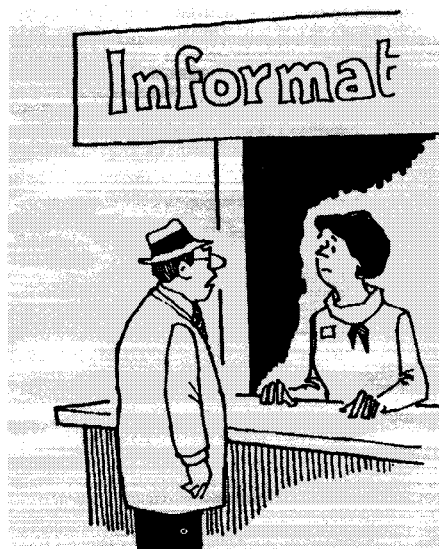
The search for dark matter takes us to the realm of the galaxies with the largest telescopes on earth, and into the heart of matter with colossal particle-accelerating machines. It is a quest that unites the largest

and smallest things in the universe—a quest that leads us back to the universe’s fiery beginning and forward to the universe’s uncertain end.

Early in the book, Krauss disassociates himself from “distasteful” attempts on the part of popular science writers “to interest people in modern science by portraying all new developments as intellectually profound.” However, he does the same thing himself, throughout the book, and perhaps with some justice. Certainly, questions about the beginning and end of the universe, and its “essences,” are among the most profound that concern the human mind.

On the other hand, the mere fact that most of what has weight presently eludes our senses hardly constitutes a revolution on the same scale as that of Copernicus. Most scientists, and many philosophers and theologians, have long since accepted our spatial and temporal insignificance. Whether life is a “cosmic afterthought,” as Krauss claims, or a cosmic forethought remains an open scientific question, but the fact that human life is physically dwarfed by the cosmos is indisputable.

The entire biomass of earth is negligible compared to the weight of the planet—an insubstantial whiff of matter. If the weight of the planet—and all other luminous matter in the universe—is only the tip of the gravitational iceberg, that will hardly alter our view of ourselves. In that sense, at least, we have no farther to fall. □



“Is the universe still unfolding as it should?”

A LEGAL LENINIST

BATTLE FOR JUSTICE

How the Bork Nomination Shook America

Ethan Bronner

Norton, \$22.50, 399 pp.

THE TEMPTING OF AMERICA

The Political Seduction of the Law

Robert H. Bork

The Free Press, \$22.40, 432 pp.

Fred Siegel

First Amendment fundamentalism sometimes seems committed to sawing off the democratic branch on which it sits. The American political process has been perverted by “attack ads,” thirty-second image barrages which threaten to drive reasoned debate out of both the electoral and the legislative processes. The images, says Curtis Gans, director of the respected Committee for the Study of the American Electorate, have pushed rational debate out of campaigns. Gans wants to restore speech to “the central role in campaigns,” and a number of bills have been introduced to regulate campaign advertising. But the reform proposals have come under strong fire from First Amendment absolutists who insist that we remain the only democracy that doesn’t regulate campaign advertising.

Gans will probably be dismayed to discover that the distinction he makes between rational speech and emotional imagery parallels distinctions made by Robert Bork in his criticisms of the Warren Court. Bork, among many others, has complained that the Court’s decision in *Brandenburg v. Ohio*, delivered at the height of the anti-Vietnam protests, was a sharp break with the Founding Fathers. In *Federalist 49*, Madison had talked of the importance of reason. “It is the reason, alone, of the public that ought to control and regulate the government. The passions,” Madison went on, “ought to be regulated and controlled by

government.”

The Warren Court thought it knew better. It was only in the late sixties, Ethan Bronner notes in his sharp-eyed account of the Bork hearings, *Battle for Justice*, that the Court moved away from a tiered system of First Amendment protection in which a distinction was made between the need to give rational, political discourse absolute protection while applying a lesser standard to more emotive modes of expression, such as sleep-ins and fuck-you gestures. Under the new dispensation, the values needed to support a democratic life would be given no preference. The plunge into a postmodernist nihilism was summarized by Justice John Marshall Harlan. “One man’s vulgarity,” he intoned, “is another man’s lyric.” Change, however, is not always progress.

The Bork hearings, Bronner argues with justice, were a failed opportunity to debate the past quarter-century’s vast expansion of judicial power. But at the hearings, Bork never raised the kind of issue I’ve just mentioned. He never discussed the need to balance freedom of expression with comity, a discussion which has been directly pertinent to the current attempt to restrict hate speech on American campuses. Instead, as Bronner shows, the same Bob Bork who had presented himself a fearless seeker after truth trimmed his sails and was rejected to boot. Anyone who reads the *Battle for Justice* or Bork’s own account of his ordeal and judicial philosophy, *The Tempting of America*, can only breathe a sigh of relief.

The Bork that emerges from these books is singularly self-important. He is a legal Leninist, a man of steadfastly revolutionary principles willing to make any tactical concession necessary to further himself and the cause that will carry him to victory. Bork clearly envisions himself in a Manichean struggle with the evil forces of egalitarianism seeking to defy what he describes as “the tyranny of the bell-shaped curve.” Bork is a throwback to the conservatism of the 1950s which lacked a populist thrust. (Asked to name the book that

had the greatest impact on him, he replied: Whittaker Chambers's *Witness*.)

Bork was far from the nonpolitical truth-seeker described by his handlers. Disappointed at having been passed over earlier, he campaigned vigorously for nomination to the Court by speaking extensively on the right-wing rubber-chicken circuit. At the hearing he was caught in the kind of rhetoric he used to campaign for nomination. He told the constitutional conservatives of the Federalist Society that an originalist judge, a judge who adhered to the Founders' own sense of what they were doing, would have no problem in overruling a nonoriginalist precedent. Did those nonoriginalist precedents include *Brown v. Board of Education*?

Bork was nominated because, despite his own lack of personal prejudice, he had made himself into the judicial embodiment of Attorney General Ed Meese's gut-wrenching racial politics. In *The Tempting*, Bork takes the implausible position of being critical of the key civil rights cases prior and subsequent to *Brown v. Board of Education* while praising *Brown* itself. It's unconvincing.

Bork, as Bronner makes clear in his even-handed account, was in many ways unjustly maligned by his critics like Senators Kennedy and Metzenbaum. But Bronner also notes that Bork and the Reaganites were hoist on their own petard. The anti-Bork tactics were borrowed from the symbolic advertising campaigns the Reaganites had used so effectively against liberals. Bork was described as a madman lustful to sterilize women; Ronald Reagan had charged that if Democrats were allowed to pick our judiciary they'd appoint "a bunch of sociology majors" so that "drugs, thugs, and hoodlums" could conquer America.

REVIEWERS

CHET RAYMO, *professor of physics at Stonehill College in Massachusetts, is a science columnist for the Boston Globe. He is the author of several books on science and the forthcoming, In the Falcon's Claw: A Novel of the Year 1000 (Viking).*

FRED SIEGEL *is spending the year at the Institute for Advanced Study in Princeton.*

Bork has very little new to say about the hearings, but he comes off as arrogant and mean-spirited in the telling. He's condescending to Arlen Specter, the one senator who attempted to engage him in serious debate. "Because I was, out of necessity, patient with him," writes Bork, "a lot of people not versed in constitutional law got the impression that this was a serious constitutional discussion." It was.

Bork prides himself on his intellectual toughness and logical rigor. His highest compliment, writes Bronner, was reserved for economist Aaron Director, the man who converted him from socialism to free market capitalism. Director, "the most savagely honest intellectual I have known," started out as a socialist. But, writes Bork, "the logic of...theory drove him from that position as later, through him, it drove me from socialism." (Never mind for a moment that Bork, like many academic leftists, is only willing to study reality in order to see if it will work in theory.)

What may have angered Bork is that Specter pinpointed a hole in Bork's logic, and what smarts is that Specter's questioning belies the charge that Bork's defeat was simply a matter of smears. Why, asked Specter, did Bork allow for a nonoriginalist, i.e., expansive, interpretation of the Constitution in some areas, such as speech, but not others—such as extending Fourteenth Amendment protections to women? Bork's meandering answer picks at some concrete differences. But it never explains why, without bringing political preferences into the picture, different judges will choose different levels of generalization in interpreting the text. Bork's answer comes down to the assertion that he has read the Constitution in the only true way possible.

The pity of all this is that in *The Tempting* Bork has again missed the opportunity to open up a useful debate. Bork's rigid originalism is indefensible; at the very least, words are always fuzzy at the edges, so that any reading of the Constitution inevitably takes on the political cast of the reader. How much better it would have been had Bork based his case for judicial restraint on the grounds that if we can't be certain about the meaning of the Constitution, we have to be careful to limit the power of the judges whose only source

of restraint has been eliminated.

Americans no longer debate. Instead, they translate the political into the personal and denounce the character of their rivals. Or, rather than try to persuade, they simply bargain with others who are assumed to have unalterably opposed views. In his nomination hearings, Robert Bork tried the latter tack; in his book, the man who has rightly insisted on a distinction between emotional gesturing and rational speech has unfortunately given himself over to personal denunciation. □

CORRESPONDENCE

(Continued from page 98)

lapses are seen—and frequently—in all nonviolent movements. My own twenty years' experience with the United Farm Workers, the no-nukes movement, and other campaigns bears this out.

What DiSalvo missed, however, is that people like Randy Terry, Joan Andrews, and Christy Anne Collins have called the many prolifed sit-in groups around the country to a uniform code of "peaceful, prayerful" behavior and repentant acceptance of jail time (rather than paying bail or fines) which has become common—almost standard—throughout the movement. Both in theory and in practice, Operation Rescue is worthy of the classic civil disobedience tradition.

But DiSalvo has misunderstood something else which is so basic that it makes me think he hasn't really been paying attention. He assumes that a sit-in at an abortion site is a form of symbolic protest. It is not. The volunteer fire department doesn't come to "protest" a fire; it comes to put it out. Operation Rescue doesn't aim to "protest" a particular child-disposal center on a particular day; it aims to shut it down.

It works because blockading the doors buys time for sidewalk counselors to talk to would-be clients approaching the clinic, and offer alternatives which can turn mother and child away from an abortion. I say again: it works. We have women's testimony and living children to prove it.

That's why Operation Rescue participants, arrested for trespass, *must* offer the court a "necessity defense." That's why,

on some (admittedly rare) occasions, dis-trict attorneys have refused to prosecute; juries have refused to convict; judges have suspended sentences. Civil law itself recognizes—or should recognize—that trespass statutes were not designed to be enforced against persons involved in saving somebody's life.

Perhaps some people think the nonviolent tradition exists only among folks who wear Gandhi buttons on their lapels and have some history with the Left; they don't think a bunch of white-bread-eaters with Bible College bumper stickers could ever be "real" *satyagrahis*. I wonder if this might be DiSalvo's problem. He would like to teach us something about nonviolence from the perspective of the law classroom. I think he could learn a great deal with us out on the street.

JULI LOESCH WILEY

The bias is in the media

Rockville, Md.

To the Editors: Charles DiSalvo makes some good points in "What's Wrong with Operation Rescue?" But I am astonished by his suggestion that most Operation Rescue people don't understand sacrificial suffering.

I have covered Operation Rescue fairly closely for the *National Catholic Register* and *Human Life Review* since November, 1987. Before a major rescue, many Catholic participants rise at 4 or 5 in the morning, attend Mass, and—still fasting—sit in front of an abortion clinic for hours in a broiling sun or a miserable rain. Then they're dragged or carried away by police. (Many police are courteous and professional, but some are brutal.) The prisoners may spend hours—tightly handcuffed and still fasting—sitting in a paddy wagon or bus, then more hours in jail before receiving (if they're lucky) a sandwich for supper. Some lose their jobs because they're spending so much time in court and in jail. Some face false charges of assaulting police....

In San Diego and Los Angeles last year, they faced an Okinawan martial arts weapon called the *nunchaku*. Police used it to force them to walk, often producing serious sprains, nerve damage, or even broken bones. I have seen a videotape of Los Angeles police using this weapon against

Operation Rescue people. It looked like torture to me.

In many other places, they have faced police using "pain compliance," such as bending fingers, twisting ears or wrists, and using extreme pressure on mastoid nerves. Many Operation Rescue people could tell Professor DiSalvo more about sacrificial suffering than he may want to know....

I don't know if DiSalvo has ever watched rescue people confronted by helmeted police with nightsticks, mounted police, and hostile clinic supporters. But I have, and I don't understand how anyone could begrudge them the solace of their religious hymns and prolife songs. In fact, the singing often helps reduce tension at sit-ins.

The public may not appreciate the "necessity defense," but that is not the point. The point is to get prosecutors, judges, and juries to accept it so rescuers can stop the killing at the clinics. If the necessity defense stands, the killing stops.

DiSalvo suggests that the media "are alienated by the arrogance of rescuers." Perhaps he has it backwards. Perhaps the media's own arrogance—and the commitment of many reporters to the cause of abortion—are distorting many news reports. In small towns and cities, sit-in reports tend to be fair to favorable. But in large cities and some of the national media, there is often strong bias for the clinics and the police—and against the proliferers—in news reports. I fear DiSalvo has seen too many of the latter and that he takes them at face value.

He is absolutely right about the need for Operation Rescue participants to love their adversaries. But that is easier to do when they are not unfairly criticized by their friends.

MARY MEEHAN

Enforcing righteousness

Ogdensburg, N.Y.

To the Editors: Thank you, Charles R. DiSalvo! Your "What's Wrong with Operations Rescue?" articulated what I could not. Having lived in the Binghamton area and seeing the beginnings of Operation Rescue and, while in Ogdensburg, having the privilege of hearing Joan Andrews, something about the movement always

kept me from embracing it. Instead, I volunteer as a consumer representative to a prenatal council, trying to improve infant life, and pray for women who decide to get an abortion: my way of trying to do something positive.

Part of my dilemma about Operation Rescue has been that if I believe God has given each of us freedom of choice, then we have no right to coerce others into actions they reject, even if their action is morally right or wrong. And, it appears to me that Operation Rescue generally is trying to enforce righteousness by intimidation. On the other hand, I also believe that, except in cases of rape or incest, the "choice" to have sexual intercourse was also freely made. Therefore, the "consequences" (babies) should not be so easily disposed. However, as a number of recent articles have pointed out, we are a disposable society and that attitude permeates our life and environment. Until we change our attitudes toward sex, love, power, self-esteem, self-discipline, freedom, and responsibility, "society" will only get worse....

It is time that we go past the diatribes of both extremes of the abortion problem and begin dialog. It is time for reasonable people to speak out and ask questions. It is time for us to say there are limits....

BONNIE PLUMERI FRANZ

Gentle people

Chicago, Ill.

To the Editors: Charles DiSalvo's piece on Operation Rescue makes up in courage what it lacks in objectivity.

I am not a member of Operation Rescue. I have not been on a rescue. I have not even been an observer at a rescue demonstration. However, as the Chicago archdiocesan respect life director, I acted as the diocesan host for a prayer service for rescue members and for other prolife people last spring. Also, I know a number of the rescue people, including priests, some of them quite well. The large majority of them are gentle people, good people. They are not "self-righteous, moralistic, arrogant men and women, detached from the sacrificial suffering resulting from their civil disobedience."

I have talked with rescue people about

their experiences. I heard the instructions to the people who considered participating in the rescue action: how they must sign a promise that they will remain silent during the march; that they will not respond to the taunting and the shouting of the "pro-choice" people who will harangue them. As for Professor DiSalvo's charge that the rescue folks are "detached from the sacrificial suffering" needed "to generate sympathy," I think it would be easier to discuss that issue after the rest of us have gone through the scary experience of being arrested, fingerprinted, incarcerated in a smelly holding cell from six to twenty-four hours, and have paid a minimum fine of \$250 for "disturbing the peace."

I am not arguing that Operation Rescue is an effective, successful strategy. I suspect that among its numbers are individuals who are difficult to deal with, who have few political skills. I agree that Operation Rescue has not been able to explain its strategy in a way that has won a commensurate number of "sympathizers." However, the shortcomings of Operation Rescue do not excuse printing an essay which appears to

be so short on first-hand research, so lacking in direct contact with rescue people.

Having said all this, I would like to choose my agreement with Professor DiSalvo that a loving, Christian community might be expected to create a just, compassionate world in which no woman would ever want to, or need to, kill her unborn child. The Operation Rescue folks are a minuscule part of the Christian community. They are doing something. Let the great majority of us get on with the creativity and sacrifices needed to create that just world.

ROGER J. COUGHLIN

Tardy liberals

Rochester, N.Y.

To the Editors: I can only affirm Charles DiSalvo's conclusions about gaining public sympathy through persecution. How that can happen is going to involve a deeper and more honest evaluation of the rescue movement itself. Some points:

1. Operation Rescue is only one expression of the rescue movement. In Pennsylvania, for instance, the leaders of

rescues are Catholics and people like Dennis Sadler of Liberals for Life. (I know this doesn't purify the action but they are a far cry from the Randall Terry type.) There is Mary Rider in the South, of the Caritas Community. Not exactly your stereotypical prolifer.... There's the Catholic Worker couple in Massachusetts. The list could go on. Joan Andrews and Juli Loesch Wiley are not *exceptions* in the movement; they are integral to it. Joan is one of the first, as are all the folks of the Prolife Nonviolent Action Project. Resisting arrest is always advocated by Joan and Juli, both women, both pacifists.

2. The media love the Randall Terry image. People who get their information about the rescue movement from the media hear about the white male fundamentalists, because that's the image that confirms the establishment's preconceived ideas about proliferers. It's uptight liberals like myself who allowed this to happen. And then we have the gall to be critical. We were so slow on the rescue concept that we abandoned the preborn to the fundamentalists.

3. There certainly are angry people in the rescue movement. They are few compared to the peaceful people. But the pro-choice media will find them, and feature them. This shouldn't surprise any of us.

CAROL CROSSED

Voice of experience

Orono, Maine

To the Editors: The article by Charles R. DiSalvo titled, "What's Wrong with Operation Rescue?" bore the subtitle, "Uncivil, Unloving, Unconvincing." It tipped the hand of whoever put it in. A statement like that suggests that its author has formed a view shaded by the pro-abortion bias of the establishment, including the major media. I wish to present another view, that of one who has actively participated in five rescues, one as a prayer supporter and four in which I risked being (and was) arrested.

I became involved in rescues after my wife and I had taken in seventeen women in the past six years, all unwed and the victims of sexual abuse, all but two of whom were pregnant. In that time, my wife and I also founded a pregnancy crisis center in Bangor, Maine. My wife is the center's

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director and both of us serve as counselors. This has "brought home" to us the fact that women are the second victims of abortion, victims who carry the pain of abortion through a lifetime.

One twenty-year-old woman we took in two years ago, after she had first come to our crisis center, was in her tenth pregnancy. She told us she had aborted five babies, including twins, and had miscarried the last four, holding their dead or dying bodies in her hands. Abortionists had forced so many entrances into her womb that her cervix had lost all elasticity, and scar tissue inside her womb now allowed for only a weak attachment for the placenta. When the babies she "wanted" became a pound or two in weight, gravity pulled them free and prematurely sent them down the birth canal. In the past year this woman had contracted uterine cancer and recently had a hysterectomy; the little girl she delivered while she was with us is the last child she will ever have. Since living with us, she has recovered from drug and alcohol addiction, manifestations, my wife and I believe, of post-abortion syndrome. "Freedom of Choice" hasn't helped her.

Our personal, hands-on experience convinced me that I had to do more than just try to salvage the few lives of babies and their mothers we were reaching, when millions of these lives were being affected every year by permissive abortion. That is why I became involved in rescues.

Early in his article, Professor DiSalvo states that, "The great majority of Operation Rescue disobedients are no friends of silent suffering." This statement lends credence to the charge that rescuers "fake" pain when they cry out. Having had police officers rip my right bicep from its elbow socket during a Providence, Rhode Island rescue in 1988, and grab and squeeze my testicles during a Buffalo, New York rescue in 1989, and having been dragged hundreds of feet by police up and down staircases with handcuffs that cut into my wrists, I can appreciate that some rescuers cry out. It isn't faked. Nerve damage and torn ligaments are commonplace among rescuers.

Richard Cowden Guido (who edited Joan Andrews's prison letters in her book, *You Reject Them, You Reject Me*, Trinity Communications) writing in the October

1989, *30 Days* ("The History of Operation Rescue"), described the second West Hartford rescue in June 1989 this way: "Again the police were savage. Five of the first thirteen arrests were of accredited journalists with identification. Film was openly destroyed by police, who had all removed their name tags and badges. The first arrest was not of a rescuer, but of a sixty-two-year-old female picketer who was flung to the ground, seriously injured, and viciously handcuffed like a dangerous criminal." At the first West Hartford rescue in April 1989, police seized George Lynch, the seventy-two-year-old retired Catholic bishop of Raleigh, North Carolina, handcuffed his wrists behind his back, then shoved crossed billyclubs between his wrists and hoisted him up in the "strap-pado" torture method. With his back-bent arms and wrists bearing his entire weight, the police attempted to carry the bishop to the police van, but he cried out in such pain that the police finally let him walk.

The police don't regard rescuers as strangers to "silent suffering." Writing in the *Village Voice* (November 14, 1989),

Nat Hentoff quotes the sworn testimony of Captain Patrick McKinley, commanding officer of the Metropolitan Division of the Los Angeles Police Department: "It is my experience that many of the Operation Rescue demonstrators consider themselves on a religious mission. Pain, for many of the demonstrators, is a catharsis for past failure to take action against abortion. Therefore, the demonstrators have an unusual capacity to withstand pain. Some appear as a young child welcoming punishment for past transgressions. With this ability to withstand pain comes the possibility of injury, since a greater degree of pain is required to induce compliance by the arrestee."

I don't want my wife involved in rescues because the police single out women rescuers for more abuse than men. Helen Westover, president of Stop Planned Parenthood, was present at the second West Hartford rescue and reported (in the group's newsletter, *Stopp News*, August 4, 1989): "Ball-point pens were applied to pain points behind the ears. One rescuer was cuffed face-down on the ground and an

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officer then placed his billy club on the back of the victim's neck, knelt on the club, and screamed at the rescuer, 'Get up, you...!' In agony, the rescuer cried, 'I can't, you're kneeling on my neck!' Another activist was treated to a bizarre police lineup. After the police broke two of her ribs by throwing people on her as she was lying on the floor of the bus, cuffed to a seat, they then lined up and spat on her."

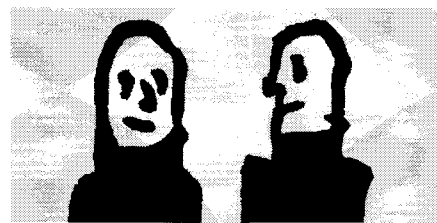
In his article, Richard Cowden Guido quotes Congressman Guy Molinari's reaction, following congressional hearings, to police brutality at the March 11, 1989 rescue in Pittsburgh: "Despicable. Seventeen female college students had their clothes ripped off their bodies, they were forced to walk in the nude, in some cases crawl, and some of them were sexually assaulted." Women are the targeted victims of the abortion industry, whether they are seeking abortions or trying to prevent them.

DiSalvo states that rescuers "self-righteously chant and sing at their demonstrations; they press their moral claims by shouting at incoming pregnant women; they resist arrest; they give pseudonyms

to the police; they throw up legal defenses in court by saying the harm associated with violating trespass laws is justified by the need to prevent the greater evil of abortion." My reply is based on my personal experience at rescues. We sing religious hymns and patriotic songs to keep up our morale in the face of impending arrest and possible police brutality. I have sung "God Bless America" to keep my mind off the pain when handcuffed. To characterize this as being "self-righteous" is judgmental at best.

In the five rescues I made, no rescuer shouted at incoming women, abortion personnel, or police. But there was plenty of shouting obscenities and hooting by the pro-abortion demonstrators surrounding us. We each signed a pledge before each rescue to refrain from such behavior. The only ones among us who spoke to the pregnant women seeking an abortion were our sidewalk counselors, who always pled quietly and offered help. The pseudonym we gave to the police was "Baby Doe" to identify ourselves with the babies about to be killed without ever having received a name. The police at the second West Hartford rescue told John Rathschmidt, a Capuchin provincial, that "persons without names have no rights." As for use of the "necessity defense," we certainly do use it in court because violating a trespass law to save a human life in imminent danger of death is part of America's legal inheritance from English common law. Judges typically disallow that defense, but we ask for it to call attention to the humanity of the child about to be killed.

I would not claim that rescuers have never uttered "self-righteous" remarks at rescues. Their dominant mood, however, is better described as one of sorrow and repentance. DiSalvo recommends that, "The [rescue] movement's real allies are silence, cooperation with police at the point of arrest and with the judge and prosecutor at the point of trial, and an uncomplaining submission to punishment. These are the tools for communicating the movement's suffering and message on open lines to the public." To that I would say that the lines from the rescuers to the public are not open. Rescuers are suffering but it isn't being communicated to the public by the media. During the 1989 rescues in West



Hartford, Pittsburgh, Los Angeles, and San Diego, where police brutality was blatant, all three TV networks ignored the story.

DiSalvo's recommendation that rescuers cooperate fully with the police at the rescue site, and later with the judge and prosecutor at the arraignment and trial, has already been followed. We did exactly that when arrested at a 1988 Chicago rescue. But despite that, we were charged with criminal trespass, resisting arrest, and mob action. Filing bogus charges is a common police tactic to "divide and conquer" rescuers, and experience has taught us that solidarity and withholding cooperation and identification is the only way to get such charges dropped. In addition, rescuers have a philosophical and moral commitment to the babies to not cooperate with the legal system that allows them to be killed wantonly, and that persecutes those who try to rescue them.

Moreover, the goal of rescuers is not to serve long jail terms. The goal is to save abortion-bound babies and their mothers. Rescuers in jail aren't doing that. They may be monkey wrenches in the gears of a legal system that sanctions the killing of unborn children—and that is an important secondary goal—but it is not the primary purpose, which is to save a human life today. Jail time is spent praying for that.

I found that DiSalvo's article is illustrative of a viewpoint that is widespread in academic and establishment circles where a pro-abortion bias exists. He tries to be objective and to offer helpful suggestions. But he would have been more successful had he actively participated in some rescues, gone through the arrest and trial procedure as a rescuer, and gotten to know some typical rescuers in the process.

My own viewpoint on rescues is quite simple. I place my complete trust in the Holy Spirit to direct us to do what is right, and I leave the establishment free to respond in whatever way God allows.

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Ending abortion is God's task, not ours, to be completed in God's time. Nearly all rescuers have the same viewpoint. But since we are American citizens, we take advantage of our citizenship, much as Paul did of his Roman citizenship. Walking passively "to the lions" is an act of last resort, not first. First is to keep trying to save the babies.

TERENCE J. HUGHES

The author replies:

I have known and corresponded with rescuers for some time. I have seen police brutalize rescuers on video. I am familiar with the rescue pledge. I have read the jail diaries of rescuers. The rescuers I know are good, compassionate people.

Nonetheless, I judge the movement to be coming up short. If my image of the movement is similar to the media's, then my criticisms are all the more important, for that is the image America is receiving. The movement's problem, perhaps, is not that I report the image, but that the movement has not overcome the image it projects.

I agree that "symbolic protest" is not the movement's purpose. However, the real purpose, I would hope, is not, as Ms. Wiley posits, to close clinics for a day or to persuade individuals not to abort.

Blacks did not get their skulls cracked at restaurants and on buses for the right to sip coffee and travel to Aunt Mary's. No, blacks were clear in their intent to put pressure on the federal government so that *society-wide* gains could occur. The strategy worked not simply because blacks were brave, but because they *had a strategy*.

Ms. Wiley states rescuers have convinced some women not to abort. The stakes, however, are much greater. As pro-choice victories mount ever higher, rescuers must realize their mission is to move America from indifference to caring and to shape a prolife consensus. Without an appreciation for the reasons their disobedience has not led to these changes, rescuers are doomed to failure.

Mr. Hughes implies that when I say rescuers "are no friends of silent suffering," I am accusing rescuers of faking their pain. Please, read what I wrote. In the article I acknowledge the suffering resulting from police brutality. The point that I made was

that, because of the arrogance of rescuers, this suffering is being *wasted*. On this and so many other points, rescuers seem to have reacted to the subtitle of the article rather than its content.

In support of the necessity defense, Mr. Hughes states that "the goal of rescuers is not to serve long jail terms," but to save babies by conducting more rescues. Yet the movement harvested some of its most favorable publicity during Joan Andrews's lengthy imprisonment. It is this type of undeserved suffering that could be the catalyst for a dramatic change in public opinion—but only if the suffering is gladly accepted by the disobedient. Throughout American history—in the women's suffrage movement, in the civil rights movement, in the antiwar movement—the disobedients who changed minds were those who accepted their punishment.

My advice stands: knock off the self-righteous praying, singing, and sidewalk counseling. When the police come, stand up tall and walk to the paddy wagons. If confronted with a judge who believes in abortion, ask, like Gandhi, for the maximum punishment.

The public, confused by abortion, can be converted. Show it some modesty: Suffer in silence. You'll be surprised at the results.

CHARLES R. DiSALVO

Editors' note:

Some correspondents object to the subtitle of Professor DiSalvo's article: "Uncivil, Unloving, Unconvincing." The heading was the work of the editors.

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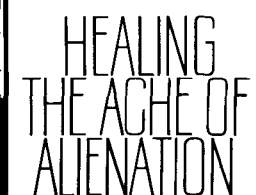
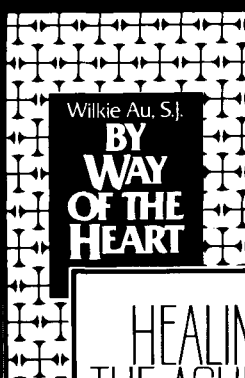
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